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Helps for the Quiet Hour

Prayers . Collects . Verses
COLLATED FROM MANY SOURCES

WITH A PREFATORY ESSAY ON THE
Culture of the Devotional Life

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NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS
CINCINNATI: JENNINGS & GRAHAM

BV245

.Y6
1909

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THE CULTURE OF THE DEVOTIONAL LIFE

A SPIRIT of devotion—vitaly associated as it is with the growth of the real life of the soul—needs to be sedulously cultivated. This truth, although a commonplace in religious teaching, demands special attention in an age like ours, in which secularism, materialism, indifferentism, and other foes of spirituality are rife. These assailants carry on a subtle, specious, and peculiarly perilous warfare against the soul; they create an atmosphere which tends to stifle and benumb the religious faculties. Hence those who would grow in the grace and in the knowledge of Christ need, in order to be armed in self-defense and ward off these hostile assailments, to avail themselves of all possible helps for the nurture of the new life which has been created within them. By the use of such aids the soul may cherish with ever-increasing interest and zest a reverent and worshipful spirit, a grateful sense of the divine presence in the daily life, a gladsome trust in the promises, a keen insight into the provisions of mercy which are enshrined in the Scriptures, and a constant enjoyment of

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the fellowship which God maintains with those who revere and love him. These rewards may well incite us to seek after some of the secrets of the growth of the soul in the divine life.

The means whereby a spirit of devotion may be developed and maintained are various. The habit of meditation upon appropriate passages of Scripture; of imploring light and help from God in prayer; of lifting the soul heavenward on the wings of praise; of summoning noble ideals of conduct and character before the imagination; of aspiring after a life of integrity, genuineness, usefulness, and piety; and of translating these aspirations and aims, day by day, into the terms of common life—this habit will occur to almost anyone who thinks on the subject as involving the chief secret of victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil. By the means thus hinted at spiritual growth may be assured.

One of the most helpful agencies for kindling the fires of devotion in the heart is the custom of pondering the choice devotional utterances of saintly men and women who in various ages have embodied in their lives the graces of the Gospel, and who have left their penitential aspirations, their heart yearnings, their mountain-top visions, their tearful struggles, and their rapturous victories on record for our instruction and encouragement. A selection from these inspiring and

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fruitful sources has been gathered into the present volume in the confident hope that such a compilation, used as a handbook of devotion, will prove to those who have it in hand a constant source of quickening, comfort, and spiritual enlightenment.

Aside from the collection herein presented it may be suggestive to indicate, particularly to young people who have given but little thought to this theme, that there is a great and precious legacy for devout Christians stored up in what is called Devotional Literature. The range of this inheritance is large, and the treasures to be found therein are of incalculable worth. Let us at least glance at some of the masterpieces.

The Book of Psalms is, of course, to be reckoned at the head of the list. It occupies the place to-day which it has maintained for more than twenty-five hundred years, as the noblest and most vivifying of all volumes of devotion. This book sounds all the depths, ascends all the heights, reaches all the expanses, and voices all the needs of the soul of man in its struggles to find and know God and walk in the way of his commandments. It touches every note in the gamut of religious experience. No matter what sorrows, sins, temptations, or burdens one may face, he will find in this wonderful book his experiences furnished with a tongue, his unutterable

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longings voiced in prayer or praise, his inner life portrayed in panoramic visions.

Certain portions of the *Gospels*, too, are peculiarly fitted to enliven the spirit of devotion, and help the believer to maintain "a closer walk with God." Many of the words spoken by our Lord—such as the Sermon on the Mount, the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, and the first, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth chapters of St. John—should be memorized with this intent. The soul that lives on such nourishment as these words of Christ afford will not easily become barren or unfruitful.

Christian Hymnology, also, is full of quickening for the spiritual life. A hymn book does not fulfill its functions when it serves as an aid in public worship; it has a far wider scope and ministry than this. Its office as a treasury of devotional thought and of worshipful aspirations, a stimulus to private prayer, a comforter in affliction, and a revealer of spiritual truth needs to be realized by the Church. Into it are amassed inestimable treasures which should serve for the enrichment of our spiritual life. Blessed indeed are those who know how to turn to a hymnal in order to get a hopeful view of things when tempests are darkening the sky; to discover fresh revelations of the power and grace and love of the Redeemer; and to obtain solace in trial, com-

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fort in bereavement, and helps for uplifting the soul out of dull and dreary routines of toil and suffering.

Devotional Poetry is another realm which is exceeding rich in its aids for the culture of reverence, gratitude, contrition, and the spirit of worship. The poets—many of them at least—are God's messengers; they reveal oftentimes flashes of the old prophetic fire. Through their rhythmic messages the Almighty speaks to men to-day just as really as he once did by the voice of Isaiah and Ezekiel. There are seasons in human life when the profoundest needs of the heart are met by the song of a poet; when some chance stanza, a bit of fugitive verse, or perhaps a familiar poem opportunely recalled—some lyric utterance which may have been originally extorted from the singer's lips by loss, or pain, or struggle, or doubt—ministers to the tempted and stricken soul as though the words had been spoken by angelic lips, freshly anointed with fire from God's altar. Those who ignore the ministry of religious poetry are in danger of living a life one great tract of which is left arid and fruitless. Those, on the other hand, who have learned to discern and appreciate the higher ministry of the poets come to know that these seers are rightly named: they *see* things invisible to other eyes. They interpret to us the meanings

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and mysteries that are wrapped up in blossom, and rivulet, and bird, and forest; they translate to us God's words as these are written in seas, mountains, and stars; they unfold to us the secrets of our own hearts; they give us visions of our better and our worser selves to be found nowhere else; and they reveal to us the significance and the possibilities which are involved in human life with an insight and an authority which often make them in very deed God's messengers and ministers to the erring, the tempted, and the sorrowing. Happy are they who have made Faber, and Charles Wesley, and Whittier, and Frances Ridley Havergal, and a score of other singers their intimate friends. Such can testify with Keble:

“ We know them by look and voice and thank them all
For helping us in thrall,
For words of hope and bright examples given,
To show through moonless skies that there is light in
heaven.”

The Book of Common Prayer, hallowed by its history, its associations, and its devotional fruitfulness, is another help which needs to be emphasized. In it are accumulated those forms of public and private prayer which in the course of the ages have proved profitable and edifying to “all sorts and conditions of men.” Translated in part

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into our language from other tongues, revised, modified, and enlarged, by one generation after another, it belongs to-day not to the ritualistic communions alone, but to all Christian believers of every name. To depend upon its forms of prayer to the exclusion of all effort at *ex tempore* supplication would, of course, be foolish; but surely there are few thoughtful people, no matter how much peril they may discern in such use of the Prayer Book, who cannot find in it constant help as a handbook for the hour of meditation and worship in private. The spirit of devotion which is embodied in its prayers is all athrob with life. Taught by such supplications as it contains, anyone who desires to be devout ought to be able to learn how to pray.

Apart from those devotional compends which furnish forms of prayer there are certain works which are so well known as aids for the development of the religious life that we hardly need mention them. Baxter's *Saint's Everlasting Rest* and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* will forever be cherished by lovers of the word. Among the books of our own time Dean Goulburn's *Thoughts on Personal Religion*, Austin Phelps's *The Still Hour*, and the minor works of that wonderful man, the blind preacher of Scotland, Rev. Dr. George Matheson, particularly his *Voices of the Spirit* and *Moments on the Mount*,

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are fraught with spiritual insight and with edifying power.

The Devotional Classics from which we have cited ensamples of prayer in the present volume are known to all students, and yet a word or two in regard to them may be of service. For six hundred years the work known as *De Imitatione Christi* has been a favorite in many quarters of the universal Church. Whether written by Thomas à Kempis or not, it has approved itself to discerning minds as the work of some great and saintly soul who knew the human heart, and who was acquainted with the Lord Jesus. Its contents sometimes have a monastic and mystical tone characteristic of the age in which it first appeared, but its vivisections of the human heart, its admonitions in behalf of a life of humility, self-denial, and fortitude, and its exaltation of the divine Saviour are features which have made it immortal.

Another volume which has enriched our pages is *Sacra Privata*—the record of the private meditations, devotions, and prayers of Thomas Wilson, who for fifty-eight years with singular piety and usefulness glorified the office of a bishop in the Anglican communion. Born in 1663, he lived to be ninety-two years of age; he was a voluminous writer, and a noble type of ministerial consecration. His best work, however, is that

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to which we have called attention. As a handbook for the preacher in his dealings with his own heart, in his struggles after self-conquest, and in his aspirations after communion with the Master, it has never had an equal.

Two books by the great English bishop Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667)—*Holy Living*, and *Holy Dying*—have made his name known to the ends of the earth. He was a marvelous man—a prodigious scholar, a noble orator, a philosophic thinker, and a great theologian; his works, fully enumerated, would fill pages of this volume; but his noblest attainment was his saintliness. He mastered the secret of living a life of unselfish service, heroic self-denial, and incessant devotion. A part of this secret—in so far as it can be communicated in language—he has written down in the two books above named. In our time no one can read them without discerning their defects—the cloistered virtues which they emphasize, the mediæval habits of penance and self-mortification which they intimate, and the severe and monastic type of piety which they exalt; yet they have done wonderful things in the world in the two centuries and a half which have elapsed since they were published, prompting multitudes to “abhor fleshly lusts, which war against the soul,” to consider the solemnity of life, the imminence and awful-

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ness of death, and the greatness of God's mercy to our race. Those who want to know what prayer is, and wish to ponder wise counsels concerning patience, contentment, self-control, purity of thought and motive, and other commonplace graces, will find their search rewarded in Jeremy Taylor's masterpieces.

*Psalms and Litanies** is the title of a noteworthy volume of counsels and collects for devout persons, in part written and in part compiled by Rowland Williams, D.D. (1817-1870), who was for years the vicar of the village parish of Broadchalke, England. He had an unmistakable genius for this sort of work; and he spent a good part of his leisure time in collecting from ancient sources the materials for his book, which was edited and published by his wife after his decease. Among his treasures are many specimens of the prayers and collects written or collected by the great English prelate, Bishop Lancelot Andrewes (1555-1626), and the book as a whole is a model of sober, edifying, reverent, and scholarly devotion.

A glance at our table of contents will show the extent to which we have drawn upon the *Works of John Wesley*. It will surprise many of his followers to find that he prepared a large

* New York : E. P. Dutton & Co.

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number of forms of worship—for families, for individuals, and for children. Methodists who may fancy that there is danger attending the use of printed prayers may find instruction in the example of the great founder of Methodism, who did not hesitate to set before the people to whom he ministered a large variety of forms of supplication, written by himself, and displaying his usual acumen, scriptural insight, evangelical spirit, and literary ability, all mingled with the consecration of a saint.

Other volumes which need no detailed description here, but which deserve a place in any list of books of devotion which may be made, are as follows:

A Book of Prayer from the Public Ministrations of Henry Ward Beecher. 1892. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

Euchologion: Forms of Prayer of the Church of Scotland. Edited by B. B. Comegys. 1898. Fleming H. Revell Company.

Prayers: Ancient and Modern. By Mary Wilder Tileston. 1897. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company.

Morning and Evening Devotions for a Month. By Rev. F. B. Meyer. 1894. Fleming H. Revell Company.

A few religious journals in this country and one in England have for some years followed the wholesome custom of furnishing to their readers, week by week, an original prayer. We

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have ventured to cite in the following pages samples of these from *The British Weekly*, *The Christian Register*, and *The Congregationalist*.

The verses which at frequent intervals accompany the prayers and collects of this volume are chiefly fugitive pieces, but each one will be found, we believe, worthy of a place here. Nearly every one of these poems is a versified prayer, and each seems to us to contain genuine devotional fire, along with not a little poetical beauty.

It may be fair to add in conclusion that some of the material herein amassed was used from time to time in the Quiet Hour department of *The Central Christian Advocate*, during my editorial administration of that paper, 1892-1900. A goodly number of prayers have been added to this material, and the whole is now sent forth with the hope and belief that the spirit of devotion embodied in these pages may prove to be a quickener and helper of all to whom the book may come. May those who read these prayers feel the life-giving touch of saintliness throughout the volume, and may each one of us be prompted to use the words of the disciples, spoken to their Master and ours—

LORD, TEACH US HOW TO PRAY!

JESSE BOWMAN YOUNG.

Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, O., December, 1900.

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CLXXXVIII.	The Pathway—verses.	<i>Clinton Scollard</i>
CLXXXIX.	More Likeness to Thee.	<i>Henry Alford</i>
CXC.	Gloria Patri.	

HELPS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

I

One of St. Paul's Prayers

FOR this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God.—Eph. iii, 14-19.

II

Begin with God

BEGIN the day with God! He is thy sun and day;
He is the radiance of thy dawn, to him address thy lay.
Sing a new song at morn, join the glad woods and
hills;

Join the fresh winds, and seas, and plains; join the
bright flowers and rills.

Awake, cold lips, and sing! Arise, dull knees, and
pray!

Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes, brush slothfulness
away.

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Look up beyond these clouds; thither thy pathway lies.
Mount up, away, and linger not; thy goal is yonder
skies.

Cast every weight aside! Do battle with each sin;
Fight with the faithless world without, the faithless
heart within.

Take thy first meal with God; he is thy heavenly
food;

Feed with and on him; he with thee will feast in
brotherhood.

Take thy first walk with God! Let him go forth with
thee;

By stream, or sea, or mountain path, seek still his
company.

Thy first transaction be with God himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well, and all the day be
love.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

III

Submission

LORD, I will willingly bear for thee whatsoever thou wilt have to come upon me. Without choice I will receive from thy hand good and evil, sweet and bitter, joy and sadness, and will give thee thanks for all things which shall happen unto me. Keep me from all sin, and I will not fear death nor hell. Only cast me not away forever, nor blot me out of the book of life. Then no tribulation which shall come upon me shall do me hurt. Amen.—*Imitatio Christi.*

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IV

Thanksgiving

MAY my whole being, O God, be one thanksgiving unto thee; may all within me praise thee and love thee—for all which thou hast forgiven, and for all which thou hast given; for thine unknown hidden blessings, and for those which, in my negligence or thoughtlessness, I passed over; for any and every gift of nature or of grace; for my power of loving; for all blessings within and without; and for all which thou hast yet in store for me; for everything whereby thou hast drawn me to thyself, whether joy or sorrow; for all whereby thou willest to make me thine own forever. Amen.—*Rev. Dr. Edward B. Pusey.*

V

For the Fullness of Love

I KNOW, O Lord, that thou hast commanded me, and therefore it is my duty to love thee with all my heart, and with all my strength. I know thou art infinitely holy and overflowing in all perfection; and therefore it is my duty so to love thee.

I know thou hast created me, and that I have neither being nor blessing but what is the effect of thy power and goodness. I know thou art the

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end for which I was created, and that I can expect no happiness but in thee. I know that in love to me, being lost in sin, thou didst send thy only Son, and that he, being the Lord of glory, did humble himself to the death upon the cross, that I might be raised to glory.

I know thou hast provided me with all necessary helps for carrying me through this life to that eternal glory, and this out of the excess of thy pure mercy to me, unworthy of all mercies. I know thou hast promised to be thyself my "exceeding great reward;" though it is thou alone who thyself "workest in me, both to will and to do of thy good pleasure."

Upon these, and many other titles, I confess it is my duty to love thee, my God, with all my heart. Give thy strength unto thy servant, that thy love may fill my heart, and be the motive of all the use I make of my understanding, my affections, my senses, my health, my time, and whatever other talents I have received from thee. Let this, O God, rule my heart without a rival; let it dispose all my thoughts, words, and works; and thus only can I fulfill my duty and thy command, of loving thee "with all my heart, and mind, and soul, and strength."

O thou infinite Goodness, confirm thy past mercies to me, by enabling me, for what remains of my life, to be more faithful than I have hither-

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to been to this thy great command. For the time I have yet to sojourn upon earth, O let me fulfill this great duty. Permit me not to be in any delusion here ; let me not trust in words, or sighs, or tears, but love thee even as thou hast commanded. Let me feel, and then I shall know, what it is to love thee with all my heart. Amen.
—*John Wesley.*

VI

In Perfect Peace

O GOD, help us to listen for thy voice amid the din of earthly things. Help us in our busiest hours to see thy hand in everything that shall befall us or be done around us. Help us to read great lessons in even the commonest things. Nothing is too insignificant for thy use in teaching and perfecting us. May our hearts and tempers bear the test of little things ; let no eagerness of business beguile us into forgetfulness of thee ; let no fret, or worry, or provocation irritate or make us impatient. May our souls be kept in perfect peace, stayed upon thee. May we offer to thee as service and sacrifice everything we do, even the least and most commonplace. Amen.—*The British Weekly.*

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VII

On Sabbath Evening

O WONDERFUL and adorable Saviour! Thy heart is a fountain from which healing streams never cease to flow! Thy voice has not lost its ancient power! Thy hand still thrills with the might of omnipotence! And thou art not wearied with all that thou hast done amid the great, sorrowful family of man. Myriads have pressed and crowded thee, thousands have touched thee; many have drawn heavily upon thy patience, pity, and help. But thou art unworn, unspent. As on the morning of thy resurrection, so now, as the night settles down, thou art going forward to new ministries of love. The angels bless thee; thy saints adore thee; the hearts whom thou hast redeemed love thee! Glory be to thee, O Lamb of God, Son of God, Light of light, Very God of very God! Amen.—*From F. B. Meyer's Morning and Evening Devotions.*

VIII

Lord, Teach Me

Fix my thoughts, my hopes, and my desires upon heaven and heavenly things; teach me to despise the world, to repent me deeply for my sins; give me holy purposes of amendment, and

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spiritual strength and assistance to perform faithfully whatsoever I shall intend piously. Enrich my understanding with an eternal treasure of divine truths, that I may know thy will; and thou, who workest in us to will and to do of thy good pleasure, teach me to obey all thy commandments, to believe all thy revelations, and make me partaker of all thy gracious promises. Teach me to watch over all my ways, that I may never be surprised by sudden temptations or a careless spirit, nor ever return to folly and vanity. Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips, that I offend not in my tongue, neither against piety nor charity. Teach me to do nothing but what becomes thy servant, whom thy infinite mercy, by the graces of the Holy Spirit, hath sealed unto the day of redemption. Amen.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

IX

At Eventide

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, the sovereign Lord of all creatures in heaven and earth, we acknowledge that our beings, and all the comforts of them, depend on thee, the Fountain of all good. We have nothing but what is owing entirely to thy free and bounteous love, O most

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blessed Creator, and to the riches of thy grace,
O most blessed Redeemer.

To thee, therefore, be given, by us and by all creatures whom thou hast made to know how great and good thou art, all honor and praise, all love and obedience, as long as we have any being. "It is but meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should, at all times and in all places, give thanks unto thee, O Lord," and devoutly resign both soul and body to thee, to be absolutely governed and ruled according to thy holy will.

Father, we pray thee, increase every good desire which we feel already in our hearts; let us always live as becomes thy creatures, as becomes the disciples of Jesus Christ. Incline us to be more and more in love with thy laws, till they are written upon our hearts. Stir up our wills to love them exceedingly, and to cleave unto them as our very life. Amen.—*John Wesley.*

X

The Lord's Appointment

I SAY it over and over, and yet again to-day—
It rests my heart as surely as it did yesterday;

It is the Lord's appointment;

Whatever my work may be,

I am sure in my heart of hearts

He has ordered it for me.

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I must say it over and over, and again to-day—
For my work is different from that of yesterday:

It is the Lord's appointment;

It quiets my restless will

Like the voice of tender mother,

And my heart and will are still.

I will say it over and over, this, and every day:

Whatsoever the Master orders, come what may,

It is the Lord's appointment;

For only his love can see

What is wisest, best, and right,

What is truly good for me.

—*Abby C. Labaree.*

XI

Under His Wings

O LORD our God, under the shadow of thy wings let us hope. Thou wilt support us, both when little, and even to gray hairs. When our strength is of thee, it is strength; but when our own, it is feebleness. We return unto thee, O Lord, that from their weariness our souls may rise toward thee, leaning on the things which thou hast created, and passing on to thyself, who hast wonderfully made them; for with thee is refreshment and true strength. Amen.—*St. Augustine* (A. D. 354-430).

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XII

A Penitent's Plea

LORD Jesus, here I am, a poor captive exile, a lost creature, an enemy to God, under his wrath and curse. Wilt thou, Lord, undertake for me, reconcile me to God, and save my soul? Art not thou he, and he alone, whom God the Father hath sealed, the Saviour of sinners? The Lord God hath sent me to thee, hath bid me come; he hath commanded me to believe, and cast myself upon thee. Lord Jesus, wilt thou refuse to help a distressed creature, whom the Father hath sent to thee for help? If I had come in my own name, thou mightest well have put me back; but since I come at the command of the Father, reject me not. Lord, help me! Lord, save me! Art thou not he concerning whom the Father hath promised, "He that believeth on him shall not be confounded?" I come, Lord; I believe, Lord; I throw myself upon thy grace and mercy. I have not whither else to go. Here I will stay, I will not stir from thy door; on thee will I trust, and rest, and venture myself. God hath laid my help on thee, and on thee I lay my hope for pardon, for life, for salvation. If I perish, I perish on thy shoulder; if I sink, I sink in thy vessel; if I die, I die at thy door. Amen.—*London Methodist Recorder.*

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XIII

The Opening Day

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, I bless thee from my heart, that of thy infinite goodness thou hast preserved me this night past, and hast, with the impregnable defense of thy providence, protected me from the power and malice of the devil. Withdraw not, I humbly entreat thee, thy protection from me, but mercifully this day watch over me with the eyes of thy mercy. Direct my soul and body according to the rule of thy will, and fill my heart with thy Holy Spirit, that I may pass this day, and all the rest of my days, to thy glory.

O Saviour of the world, God of gods, Light of light, thou that art the brightness of thy Father's glory, the express image of his person; thou that hast destroyed the power of the devil, that hast overcome death, that sittest at the right hand of the Father, thou wilt speedily come down in thy Father's glory to judge all men according to their works; be thou my light and my peace; destroy the power of the devil in me, and make me a new creature. O thou who didst cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalene, cast out of my heart all corrupt affections. O thou who didst raise Lazarus from the dead, raise me from the death of sin. Thou who didst cleanse the lepers, heal the sick, and give sight to the blind, heal the

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diseases of my soul; open my eyes, and fix them singly on the prize of my high calling, and cleanse my heart from every desire but that of advancing thy glory. Amen.—*John Wesley.*

XIV

Lux in Tenebris

THOUGH thy way be dark and dreary,
God is near;
Near to bless, and guide, and keep thee,
Do not fear.
'Tis a sweet thought, comfort-giving,
What betide,
He is present, ever-living
At thy side.

What though cloud and storm o'ertake thee
In the night?
He'll not leave thee nor forsake thee,
He is Light!
Like a child, thyself confiding
In his care,
Follow him, in him abiding
All is cheer.

Give thyself entirely to him,
Do his will;
And thy life the highest mission
Will fulfill.
Then pursue thy journey onward
At his call.
'Tis the path that leads thee homeward
After all!

--*M. A. W., in Christian Intelligencer.*

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XV

A Collect

O GOD, the Father everlasting, whom patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, with all the spirits of the just made perfect, continually do serve and glorify: fix the eye of our faith, we beseech thee, with clear and full vision, on the great cloud of witnesses wherewith we are thus compassed about, that, laying aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, we may run with patience the race that is set before us, and receive from thee the crown of life. Amen.
—*Christian Register.*

XVI

An Evening Litany

O KEEPER of all good spirits, who neither slumberest nor sleepest, lighten our eyes with thy light, that we sleep not in death. Keep us from all terror by night, and from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, as from the destruction at noonday. Give us rest, as from toil, so from every evil thought; and visit us with visions of wisdom, or with quiet of refreshment. From all illusion of fond fancy or terror, from evil remembrance and evil designing, keep us, good Lord. Thou in whose book all our members are

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written, grant us wholesome rest, free from terror and burden, with holy trust and peace. Thou art our Maker and our Judge, but also our Father, Saviour, and Friend; deny not the comfort of thy Holy Spirit to thy children. Shelter our slumber with the wing of thy pity; let our awakening be in good time, a time of blessing and of prayer. Early in the morning will we seek thee, with thanksgiving and zeal for thy service. Into thy hands, O Lord, we commend ourselves, our spirits, souls, and bodies, to our Maker, Preserver, Life-giver. Bless with us every friend, benefactor, and connection, whom thou hast granted to us in goodness, and bound us to with duty. Guard our lying down and our rising up, henceforth, Lord, and forever. Amen.—*From Psalms and Litanies, by Rowland Williams, D.D.*

XVII

In Time of 'Trouble

O MERCIFUL God, who, in thy wise providence, dost so order even natural events that they serve both for the good of the universe and for the conviction of particular sinners, so that men shall have reason to acknowledge thy glorious attributes; I do with great sorrow of heart, but with all submission to thy good pleasure, confess thy

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mercy as well as justice to me in the judgments, afflictions, sorrows of this day. I acknowledge thy voice, O merciful God; I acknowledge my own transgressions, which have provoked thee to speak to me after this manner, and at this very time. O Lord, give me true repentance for all the errors of my life, and particularly for that which was, in all probability, the occasion of this affliction. Blessed be God, that my punishment was not as great as my sin. Blessed be God, that he has given me time to repent of the sin that provoked him to deal with me after this manner. Blessed be God, that when he spake to me once, yea, twice, that I regarded it at last.

Good God of mercy, give me grace that I may not provoke thee any more to repeat this word to me, but that I may faithfully perform these vows which are upon me. This I cannot do without thy gracious assistance, which I most humbly beseech thee to vouchsafe me, for Jesus Christ's sake, who by his merits has purchased this grace for all that faithfully ask it of thee; for his sake, O merciful God, grant me this grace. I do, in all humility, accept of the punishment of mine iniquities. I will hold my peace, and not open my mouth, because it is thy doing and my deservings. I know, O Lord, that it is good for me to be in trouble, or thou wouldest not suffer it so to be. Let thy merciful kindness be my

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comfort, according to thy promise to all that love and serve thee. Amen.—*From Wilson's Sacra Privata.*

XVIII

Lord, Deliver Me

O MY Father, my God, I am in thy hand; and may I rejoice above all things in being so. Do with me what seemeth good in thy sight; only let me love thee with all my mind, soul, and strength.

I magnify thee for granting me to be born in thy Church, and of religious parents; for washing me in thy baptism, and instructing me in thy doctrine of truth and holiness; for sustaining me by thy gracious providence, and guiding me by thy blessed Spirit; for admitting me, with the rest of my Christian brethren, to wait on thee at thy public worship; and for so often feeding my soul with thy most precious body and blood, those pledges of love, and sure conveyances of strength and comfort. O be gracious unto all of us, whom thou hast this day (or at any time) admitted to thy holy table. Strengthen our hearts in thy ways against all our temptations, and make us more than conquerors in thy love.

O my Father, my God, deliver me, I beseech thee, from all violent passions; I know how

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greatly obstructive these are both of the knowledge and love of thee. O let none of them find a way into my heart, but let me ever possess my soul in meekness. O my God, I desire to fear them more than death; let me not serve these cruel tyrants, but do thou reign in my breast; let me ever be thy servant, and love thee with all my heart. Amen.—*John Wesley.*

XIX

Light

LORD, send thy light.
Not only in the darkest night,
But in the shadowy, dim twilight,
Wherein my strained and aching sight,
Can scarce distinguish wrong from right—
Then send thy light.

Teach me to pray.
Not only in the morning gray,
Or when the moonbeam's silver ray
Falls on me—but at high noonday
When pleasure beckons me away,
Teach me to pray.
—*Constance Milman, in the Spectator.*

XX

Open Our Eyes

O LORD our God, thou dwellest in light unapproachable; in thee there is no darkness at all.

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Thou coverest thyself with light as with a garment; thou art the Light of the world. Have mercy on us, O Lord, for we are blind, and we walk in darkness, groping amid sins, and doubts, and fears. Even the fancy that we see may be a delusion and a snare. The glitter of this world, the selfishness of our lives, the errors of our evil imaginations, the wiles of the devil—by these, again and again, we have been led astray. Our Father, open our eyes to see our real estate of helplessness, of misery, of guilt, of danger, of doom. Suffer us not to push on gropingly and recklessly into perdition, but grant us that blessing which thy Son, our Lord, so often bestowed upon needy and appealing men and women when he was here on earth—the restoration of sight. O Lord, open our eyes that we may see wondrous things out of thy law; that we may discern thy presence in our daily life, thy hand in the providential government of the world, thy help awaiting us in trying times of trouble, thy hand stretched out in the darkness to guide us to our home! O Lord, open our eyes, and all things shall be transfigured into celestial beauty—even the clouds and the nighttime shall be radiant with thy presence! We would see Jesus, discerning in him the Light of the world, seeing his grace, his tenderness, his sympathy, his power to save, even unto the uttermost. For

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his sake, O Lord, open our eyes, and grant unto us the power of vision. Amen.—*J. B. Y.*

XXI

Lord, I Was Blind

LORD, I was blind: I could not see
In thy marred visage any grace;
But now the beauty of thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me.

Lord, I was deaf: I could not hear
The thrilling music of thy voice;
But now I hear thee and rejoice,
And all thy uttered words are dear.

Lord, I was dumb: I could not speak
The grace and glory of thy name;
But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips thine eager praises wake.

Lord, I was dead: I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to thee;
But now, since thou hast quickened me,
I rise from sin's dark sepulcher.

Lord, thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live; and lo, I break
The chains of my captivity.

—*William Tidd Matson.*

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XXII

In the Morning

O LORD, give me grace and strength to do thy will, to begin the day and end it with prayer and searching of my own heart, with reading of thy word. Make me to understand it, to understand thee, to bring home to my heart the reality of thy perfect Godhead and perfect humanity, and above all of my entire need of a Saviour, of my utter inability to do aught that is right in my own strength. Make me humble, reasonable, contented, thankful, just, and considerate. Restrain my tongue and my thoughts; may I act as ever in thy sight, as if I may die this day. May I not fear man or men's opinion, but remember that thou knowest my motives and my thoughts, and that thou wilt be my judge. It is not in me to be regular; let me be so as much as I can—so living in humility, contentment, thankfulness. Amen.—*Sir Henry Lawrence.*

XXIII

The Lord of Life

O LORD, with whom is the fountain of life, give us all, we entreat thee, grace and good will to follow the leadings of thy most Holy Spirit. Let the dew of thy grace descend and abide upon

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us, refreshing that which droops, reviving that which is ready to perish; until the day when all thy faithful people shall drink of the river of thy pleasures. Amen.—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

XXIV

The Close of Day

O LORD our God, thou art infinitely good, and thou hast showed us what is good. Thou sendest out thy light and thy truth, that they may guide us, and makest plain thy way before our face. Thou givest us many opportunities and advantages, to quicken and farther us in thy service. We have "line upon line" and "precept upon precept;" thy messengers early and late to open and apply thy word, to call and warn, to direct and exhort us, with all long-suffering. But how little have we improved all the precious talents which thou hast put into our hands!

O Lord, thou mightest justly take away the Gospel of thy kingdom from us, and give it unto another people, who would bring forth the fruits thereof. Because thou hast called, and we refused; thou hast stretched forth thy hands, and we have not regarded; thou mightest leave us to our own perverseness and impenitence, till our iniquities became our ruin.

But, O Lord God, enter not thus into judg-

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ment with thy servants. Pardon all our contempt of thy word, and our not profiting thereby. And help us for the time to come better to improve the blessed opportunities set before us. As the rain descends from heaven and returns not thither, but waters the earth and maketh it fruitful; so let not thy word return unto thee void, but prosper in the work whereunto thou sendest it. O make it effectual to build us all up, in the true fear and love of God, and in the right knowledge and faith of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.—*John Wesley.*

XXV

For Preserving Grace

KEEP me, O Lord, from the destroying angel and from the wrath of God; let thy anger never rise against me, but thy rod gently correct my follies, and guide me in thy ways, and thy staff support me in all sufferings and changes. Preserve me from fracture of bones, from noisome, infectious, and sharp sickness, from great violences of fortune and sudden surprises; keep all my senses entire till the day of my death, and let my death be neither sudden, untimely, nor unprovided; let it be after the common manner of men, having in it nothing extraordinary but an extraordinary piety, and the manifestation of thy great and miraculous mercy.

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Let no riches make me ever forget myself, no poverty ever make me to forget thee; let no hope or fear, no pleasure or pain, no accident without, no weakness within, hinder or discompose my duty, or turn me from the ways of thy commandments. O let thy Spirit dwell with me forever, and make my soul just and charitable, full of honesty, full of religion, resolute and constant in holy purposes, but inflexible to evil. Make me humble and obedient, peaceable and pious; let me never envy any man's good, nor deserve to be despised myself; and if I be, teach me to bear it with meekness and charity. Amen.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

XXVI

As Thy Day

As this my day! O promise blest!
Sweet words of comfort, words of rest!
No more with boding fear I wait
To read to-morrow's hidden fate.
Whate'er its toil, whate'er its tears,
Whate'er its perils, pains, and fears,
While sun and stars and worlds endure
The old, sweet promise standeth sure.

The hand that holds the world upbears
My weary heart, with all its cares.
The eye that slumbers not has seen
My graveyard mounds, with grasses green.

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My Father's pitying love has read
The pain behind the tears I shed.
How comforting his words to me—
"Child, as thy day thy strength shall be."

As this my day! my little day!
My broken, troubled, thwarted day;
The day whose roseate morning bloom
Was quenched and darkened into gloom.
The morn of gifts! The noon of loss!
The lengthened shadow of the cross!
Once more, my Father, say to me,
"Child, as thy day thy strength shall be."
—Mrs. Mary H. Finn, in *The Watchman*.

XXVII

Light, Life, Strength

O GOD, the Light of every heart that sees thee, the Life of every soul that loves thee, the Strength of every mind that seeks thee, grant me ever to continue steadfast in thy holy love. Be thou the joy of my heart, take it all to thyself, and therein abide. The house of my soul is, I confess, too narrow for thee; do thou enlarge it, that thou mayest enter it; it is ruinous, but do thou repair it. It has that within which must offend thine eyes; I confess and know it; but whose help shall I implore in cleansing it but thine alone? To thee, therefore, I cry urgently, begging that thou wilt cleanse me from my

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secret faults and keep thy servant from presumptuous sins, that they never get dominion over me. Amen.—*St. Augustine* (A. D. 354-430).

XXVIII

A Morning Litany

GLORY to thee, O Lord, who givest sleep to recruit our weakness, and to refresh this feeble frame. So now grant to this day and all days a holy, peaceful, and healthy course, for thy name's sake, O Lord. Let thy mysterious providence be a faithful guidance, sending angels of peace as guardians of soul and body, to encamp around us, and ever prompt what is wholesome, for thy mercy's sake, O Lord. Grant us free pardon and remission of all sins and offenses, since thou art merciful, O Lord. Though we know not what is best, give to us, O Lord, that thou seest fit; only fit us for what thou givest, and let it bring to our souls health and peace, with some good to our neighbor and the world, for thy loving goodness' sake, O Lord. Amen.—*From Psalms and Litanies, by Rowland Williams, D.D.*

XXIX

Help Us to Praise Thee

O GOD, help us ever to praise thee with the praise that none else can offer; the praise that

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angels cannot give; the praise of man saved, man redeemed, man brought home to God; the cry of the sheep come back to the fold; the song of the prodigal son returning to the father's love and the mother's kiss. So, great Lover of man, may we, sin-stained, travel-worn, and wretched, yet bring to thee a praise to which our sadness shall lend sweetness. And if there be times when our voice is too broken by grief to lift itself to thee, still let us sing unto thee the song that hath no words, the inward song that needeth not to be expressed; that so of all thy children not one may miss thy praise. Bring us all at last, O Father, into the life where we shall sing thy praise more fully, into the land where our trembling voice shall shake no more. Give us now some words of the eternal song, and take us to thyself that we may be thine for evermore. Amen.—*The Congregationalist*.

XXX

Cover Me with Thy Shield

O ETERNAL Purity! Thou art brighter than the sun, purer than the angels, and the heavens are not clean in thy sight; with mercy behold thy servant, apt to be tempted with every object, and to be overcome by every enemy. I cannot, O God, stand in the day of battle and danger, un-

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less thou coverest me with thy shield, and hidest me under thy wings. Thou didst make me after thine image; be pleased to preserve me so pure and spotless, that my body may be a holy temple, and my soul a sanctuary to entertain thy divinest Spirit, the Spirit of love and holiness. Amen.
—*Jeremy Taylor.*

XXXI

The Day That Is Before Us

O LORD, our Father, we come to thee, refreshed by sleep and preserved by thy care during the night. Teach us and help us by thy grace to appreciate thy bounty, to depend on thee for guidance and strength, to heed thy voice, and to obey thy commandments. Through the day that is before us guard us from evil, preserve our imaginations from the taint of sin; may our inmost thoughts be pure. Amid danger, temptation, labor, or sorrow, have us in thy keeping, and may we be conscious of safety under the shadow of thy wing. Let the light shine from thy word into our hearts, and may the light of thy countenance illuminate our pathway. Save us from heedlessness, from ingratitude, from perverseness, and from despair. May we ever walk in that path which shines more and more unto the perfect day. Whatever experiences await us

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this day, amid them all be thou our help and shield, our stay and comfort. Crown all temporal blessings with thy favor, and fill our hearts with thy peace. And evermore may we ascribe, from our deepest heart, thanksgiving and praise to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen.—
J. B. Y.

XXXII

An Evening Litany

O LORD, as we add day to day, let us not add sin to sin. Behold, I turn with sighing from every evil way, and search out my heart, and with all my heart turn to thee, God of penitents and Saviour of sinners. Evening by evening I will breathe out my heart in returning, and out of the deep my soul in silence cries unto thee. In whatsoever I have sinned, let me repent truly; Lord, help thou my unrepenting. Let thy mercy be greater than all my offenses, and beyond thy knowledge of my guilt let thy love abound. Heal, O Life-giver, every wound of the past, blot out every stain, take away the shame, and rescue from the dominion. Cleanse thou thy servant from secret faults, and keep me back from every presumptuous transgression. My wandering of thought, and foolish speech, my idle glance, and acting idly, lay not, O Lord, to my charge. When

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we go astray from thee, we destroy ourselves;
bring us back to thy refuge, and heal us. Amen.
—*From Psalms and Litanies, by Rowland Wil-
liams, D.D.*

XXXIII

Lord, Speak to Me

"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."—1 Sam. iii, 9.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O use me, Lord, use even me
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

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XXXIV

Intercede for Us

O MOST faithful Saviour! unfeigned thanksgiving and endless praise be ascribed to thee, that by thy prayer, as High Priest, thou hast sanctified prayer, and hast imparted to it an efficacy whereby we shall be able to overcome the assaults of our spiritual enemy. Grant that thy Holy Spirit may powerfully incite us to prayer when the evil hour approaches, that we may not be indolent in arming ourselves with this powerful weapon, when the enemy is preparing to make an effort on our souls. And do thou, blessed Jesus, come to our assistance with thy prevailing intercession, that our weak, imperfect prayer may be sanctified and rendered acceptable to thy Father, for the sake of thy love. Amen.—*From Meditations, by J. J. Rambach, D.D. (1693-1735.)*

XXXV

Fellowship

O LORD God, our heavenly Father, thou dost invite us sinful men to come to thee that we may be cleansed from our sin, and made holy like thyself. Thou wouldst make us partakers of thy divine nature, and thus deliver us from our sins and sorrows. May we thus be children of

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God by faith in Christ Jesus. Thou wouldst gather us to thyself that we may no longer feel the helplessness and sorrow of alienation. Thou wouldst gladden us with the light and warmth of thy love, and with the constant strength and blessing which thy love will minister. O help us to come to thee as children come to a father, as those who are needy come to the source of abundant blessing. Amen.—*British Weekly*.

XXXVI

For the Grace of Obedience

O ETERNAL God, great ruler of men and angels, who hast constituted all things in a wonderful order, making all the creatures subject to man, and one man to another, and all to thee, the last link of this admirable chain being fastened to the foot of thy throne; teach me to obey all those whom thou hast set over me, reverencing their persons, submitting indifferently to all their lawful commands, cheerfully undergoing those burdens which the public wisdom and necessity shall impose upon me; at no hand murmuring against government, lest the spirit of pride and mutiny, of murmur and disorder enter into me, and consign me to the portion of the disobedient and rebellious, of the despisers of dominion, and revilers of dignity. Grant this, O holy God, for

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his sake who, for his obedience to the Father, hath obtained the glorification of eternal ages, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.—
From Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living.

XXXVII

A Morning Prayer

O LORD, the God of our salvation, "thou art the hope of all the ends of the earth." Upon thee the eyes of all do wait; for thou givest unto all life and breath and all things. Thou still watchest over us for good; thou daily renewest to us our lives and thy mercies; and thou hast given us the assurance of thy word, that if we commit our affairs to thee, if we acknowledge thee in all our ways, thou wilt direct our paths. We desire, O Lord, to be still under thy gracious conduct and fatherly protection. We beg the guidance and help of thy good Spirit, to choose our inheritance for us, and to dispose of us, and all that concerns us, to the glory of thy name.

O Lord, withdraw not thy tender mercies from us, nor the comforts of thy presence. Never punish our past sins, by giving us over to the power of our sins; but pardon all our sins, and save us from all our iniquities. And grant us, O good God, the continual sense of thy gracious acceptance of us, in the Son of thy love, that our

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souls may bless thee, and "all that is within us may praise thy holy name." Amen.—*John Wesley.*

XXXVIII

An Ancient Collect

ALMIGHTY Lord our God, direct our steps into the way of peace, and strengthen our hearts to obey thy commands; may the Dayspring visit us from on high, and give light to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death; that they may adore thee for thy mercy, follow thee for thy truth, desire thee for thy sweetness, who art the blessed Lord God of Israel. Amen.

XXXIX

For Deliverance

LORD, we pray for the forgiveness of our sins. We pray for strength to resist temptation and sorrow. We pray for thy sympathy and compassion upon all our infirmities. We pray for thy heart's healing of our griefs. Deliver us from the thrall of selfishness. Deliver us from undue pride. Deliver us from all things that are not leavened with a true kindness. We pray that thou wilt lift us into such a relation to thee, and interpret to us such an understanding of divine life, that we shall ourselves be conscious of our dignity and of our privileges; that we may not

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walk as other men, bent and bowed down by every storm that sweeps by, but stand steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. Amen.—*From A Book of Prayer, by H. W. Beecher.*

XL

An Intercession

O LORD, I pray thee to bless all persons and places to which thy providence has made me a debtor; all who have been instrumental to my good, by their assistance, advice, example, or writings; and make me in my turn useful to others.

Let none of those who cannot pray for themselves, and desire my prayers, want thy mercy; but defend, and comfort, and conduct them through this dangerous world, that we may meet in paradise, to praise our God forever and ever.

Enlighten the minds, and pardon the sin, of all that err through simplicity. Let the wickedness of the wicked come to an end, but guide thou the just. Relieve and comfort all that are troubled in mind or conscience; all that are in danger of falling into despair; all that are in any dangerous error; all that are in prison, in slavery, or under persecution for a righteous cause; all that are in any distress whatever, that all may improve under their sufferings.

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Have mercy upon and reclaim all that are engaged in sinful courses, in youthful lusts, in unchristian quarrels, and in unrighteous lawsuits. Direct all that are in doubt, all that seek the truth. O God, the Creator and Redeemer of all, have mercy upon all whom thou hast made and redeemed. Amen.—*From Bishop Wilson's Sacra Privata.*

XLI

The Plodder's Petition

LORD, let me not be too content
With life in trifling service spent—
 Make me aspire!
When days with petty cares are filled,
Let me with fleeting thoughts be thrilled
 Of something higher!

Help me to long for mental grace
To struggle with the commonplace
 I daily find.
May little deeds not bring to fruit
A crop of little thought to suit
 A shriveled mind.

I do not ask for place among
Great thinkers who have taught and sung,
 And scorned to bend
Under the trifles of the hour—
I only would not lose the power
 To comprehend.
—*Helen Gilbert, in The Independent.*

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XLII

An Invocation to the Saviour

O BLESSED Jesus, thou hast used many arts to save me, thou hast given thy life to redeem me, thy Holy Spirit to sanctify me, thyself for my example, thy word for my rule, thy grace for my guide, the fruit of thy body hanging on the tree of the cross for the sin of my soul; and after all this thou hast sent thy apostles and ministers of salvation to call me, to importune me, to constrain me, to holiness, and peace, and felicity. O now come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; my heart is desirous of thy presence, and thirsty of thy grace, and would fain entertain thee, not as a guest, but as an inhabitant, as the Lord of all my faculties. Enter in and take possession, and dwell with me forever; that I also may dwell in the heart of my dearest Lord, which was opened for me with a spear and love. Amen.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

XLIII

God's Workmanship

ALMIGHTY God, we are thy workmanship; we are thy husbandry. We are not the accidents of the time or the occasion; we express the foreordination and the sovereignty of God. We will look upon ourselves highly; we will rejoice in our principdom. We are not of the earth, earthy,

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when we are accepted in the Beloved ; we are then heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. So we will not look downward and see the grave ; we will look upward and see the immortality. We will think of the radiant heaven, pure angels, sanctified spirits, the one throne, the infinite light, the ineffable purity ; and so filling our minds with things divine, we shall triumph over present pain and necessity and trouble, and death itself. O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Amen.—*The British Weekly*.

XLIV

Faith and Works

THERE be some who pray in the shades of life ;
There be those who toil in the sun ;
And both are watching the reddening west
Till the long, long day is done—
For prayer and labor are all of life,
And labor and prayer are one.

—*Grace Duffield Goodwin*.

XLV

A Morning Prayer

BLESSED be God, through whom I laid me down and slept, and rose up again, because he

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sustained me. Give me, O heavenly Father, a spirit of modest and cheerful thankfulness; with love to all my kindred, neighbors, and fellow-creatures, who are brother-pensioners with me upon thy bounty, and members of one body, thy household of souls. Continue to me, and all whom I ought to pray for, thy compassions every morning, so long as may be thy holy will, and for the good of our weakness; and whenever thou sendest bereavement among us, strengthen us to intrust our beloved into thy hands. Amen.—*From Psalms and Litanies, by Rowland Williams, D.D.*

XLVI

Ready for All Things

O SEND thy light and thy truth, that I may always live near to thee, my God. O let me feel thy love, that I may be, as it were, already in heaven, that I may do all my work as the angels do theirs; and O let me be ready for every work! be ready to go out or go in, to stay or depart, just as thou shalt appoint. Lord, let me have no will of my own; or consider my true happiness as depending, in the smallest degree, on anything that can befall me outwardly, but as consisting altogether in conformity to thy will. Amen.—*Henry Martyn (1781-1812).*

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XLVII

In the Morning

I DESIRE, O God, this day most earnestly to please thee; to do thy will in each several thing which thou shalt give me to do; to bear each thing which thou shalt allow to befall me contrary to my will, meekly, humbly, patiently, as a gift from thee to subdue self-will in me; and to make thy will wholly mine. What I do, make me do, simply as thy child; let me be, throughout the day, as a child in his loving father's presence, ever looking up to thee. May I love thee for all thy love. May I thank thee, if not in words, yet in my heart, for each gift of thy love, for each comfort which thou allowest me day by day. Amen.—*Dr. E. B. Pusey.*

XLVIII

In Time of Need

ALL-SEEING Light and eternal Life of all things, look upon my misery with thine eye of mercy, and let thine infinite power vouchsafe to limit out some portion of deliverance unto me, as unto thee shall seem most convenient. But yet, O my God, I yield unto thy will, and joyfully embrace what sorrow thou wilt have me suffer. Only thus much let me crave of thee (let my

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craving, O Lord, be accepted of thee, since even that proceeds from thee)—let me crave, even by the noblest title which in my greatest affliction I may give myself, that I am thy creature, and by thy goodness that thou wilt suffer some beam of thy Majesty so to shine into my mind that it may still depend confidently on thee. Amen.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

XLIX

A Trustful Prayer

WITH all my heart and soul, O God, I thank thee, that in all the changes and chances of this mortal life I can look up to thee, and cheerfully resign my will to thine. It is the desire of my soul, and my humble petition, that I may always be ready and willing to submit to thy providence, that thou mayest order what thou judgest to be most convenient for me. I have trusted thee, O Father, with myself; my soul is in thy hand, which I verily believe thou wilt preserve to eternal happiness; my body, and all that belongs to it, are of much less value. I do, therefore, with as great security and satisfaction, trust all I have to thee, hoping thou wilt preserve me from all things hurtful, and lead me to all things profitable to my salvation. Amen.—*From Bishop Wilson's Sacra Privata.*

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L

Day by Day

O GOD, who hast commanded us to be perfect, as thou our Father in heaven art perfect, put into our hearts, we pray thee, a continual desire to obey thy holy will. Teach us day by day what thou wouldest have us do, and give us grace and power to fulfill the same. May we never from love of ease decline the path which thou pointest out, nor for fear of shame turn away from it. Amen.—*Dean Henry Alford.*

LI

Just for To-day

LORD, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.
Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.
Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to overcome my flesh,
Just for to-day.
Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.

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Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to thy grace,
Just for to-day.
So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

—*Author unknown.*

LII

For Sabbath Morning

LET the prayers and sacrifices of thy holy Church, offered unto thee this day, be graciously accepted. "Clothe thy priests with righteousness, and pardon all thy people who are not prepared according to the preparation of the sanctuary." Prosper all those who are sincerely engaged in propagating or promoting thy faith and love: Give thy Son the heathen for his inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for his possession; that from the rising up of the sun unto the going down of the same thy name may be great among the Gentiles. Enable us of this nation, and especially those whom thou hast set over us in Church and State, in our several stations, to serve thee in all holiness, and to "know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." Continue to us the means of grace, and grant we may never provoke thee, by our nonimprovement,

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to deprive us of them. Pour down thy blessing upon our universities, that they may ever promote true religion and sound learning. Show mercy, O Lord, to my father and mother, my brothers and sisters, to all my friends, relations, and enemies, and to all that are in affliction. Let thy fatherly hand be over them, and thy Holy Spirit ever with them; that, submitting themselves entirely to thy will, and directing all their thoughts, words, and works to thy glory, they, and those that are already dead in the Lord, may at length enjoy thee, in the glories of thy kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, blessed forever. Amen.—*John Wesley.*

LIII

For Great Blessings

ALMIGHTY God, thou hast done great things for us, whereof we are glad. We would enthrone thee upon the circle of the earth, and set thee above the floods. We would see thee in the peaceful morning, in the fiery noontide, and amid the stars of night. We would see thy going in all the way of our lives, and humbly desire to follow thee whithersoever thou goest. We would not be content with any ordinary manifes-

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tation of thy care; to-day we would ask for an overflowing cup, for a multiplication and redundancy of blessing—for shower upon shower of blessings. We make humble confession of our sin. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done. Thy cross, O Christ, is the open way to forgiveness and peace. May we this day seize all the blessings of the cross, and make ourselves rich with them through God the Holy Ghost. Amen.—*Joseph Parker, D.D.*

LIV

Out of the Depths

O PITIFUL and long-suffering Lord, against whom we have so sinned, we conceal nothing, and excuse nothing, but seek thy forgiveness. When we perverted that which was right, it advantaged us not; and we are without defense when we destroy ourselves. Unto thee, O God, belongs righteousness, when thou judgest; but to us confusion of face, when we make answer. And now, Lord, what is our hope, if any hope remain to us? Our hope is in thy goodness, that thou wilt blot out our iniquities.

Thou knowest whereof we are made; thou re-

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memberest that we are but dust. We are the offspring of thy will, on whom thou hast stamped the forecast of thy likeness. We are sheep of thy pasture, whom thou hast led along, and taught to trust in thee. Destroy not, O Lord, the work of thine own hands; let not haters of good rejoice in our falling.

Look upon the face of thy children, and, in the abundance of thy compassion, find a propitiation for the sins of the world. For thine own holy name's sake, beside which none other under heaven is given, whereby we may be saved, Father, be merciful. By the tender mercies of him who is from everlasting, and by the strong crying of mankind out of perplexity, by the unutterable plaints of thy own mind within us, striving with us, pleading for us, make thyself known to us as our Saviour. Amen.—*From Psalms and Litanies, by Rowland Williams, D.D.*

LV

An Intercession

AT thy feet, O Lord, the rich and the poor meet together, and thou art Maker of us all, the poor in spirit who are rich in this world's goods, and the happy ones whose life consisteth not in the abundance of the things they possess. Great as are the outward differences between us, thou

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seest even greater—yet are “we all the work of thy hand;” “we the clay and thou our potter.” Mold us into vessels fit for thy use. Cleanse us from the mire of selfishness and let us be bearers of living water to thirsty souls. Nor do we pray only for ourselves and our little intersecting, overlapping circles of interest and influence, but we pray for the whole world of mankind troubled here with wars and raidings, there with famine and pestilence, and everywhere blotted and blurred by sin. Wherever an innocent heart suffers for another’s guilt, wherever secret sorrow gnaws like a canker, wherever remorse for past sins consumes, or pride hardens into impenitence, there, O omnipresent Father, send comfort, send pity, send love, send light, send strength! And yet the things we would ask for earth’s neediest child do not differ widely from the things we ask for ourselves. We are all alike naked except thou clothe us, hungry except thou feed us, in darkness unless thou enlighten us, in storm unless thou sayest, “Peace, be still.” Feed us then with the bread of heaven whether we be in prosperous or famine-stricken lands; clothe us with robes of righteousness here in America or under tropic suns; lift upon us, thy children, everywhere, the light of thy countenance; teach us how to walk in that light, and grant to us every one to be found of thee in peace at last.

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We ask it in the name of One dear to thee,
whom even the winds and the sea obeyed. Amen.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

LVI

Thank God

THANK God for joy!

For glad, sweet thoughts that flood the soul and spring
Lark-like into the sky to soar and sing;

For kindly airs that woo to bud and flower,

Thy dormant being, and awake new power

With each new morn; new purposes that bring

To heart and soul their full and just employ.

Thank God for joy!

And O, thank him for pain!

That shuts thee in in silence! Wait and know

The rain that breaks the blossom, and lays low

The fair green stalk, doth nourish e'en in grief

The being's root, of future bud and leaf

The guaranty; so shalt thou surely grow

To fairer heights; to nobler powers attain.

Thank God for pain!

—*C. W. Bronson, in New York Observer.*

LVII

A Contrite Confession

O LORD, I have abused thy mercy, despised
thy judgments, turned thy grace into wanton-
ness. I have been unthankful for thy infinite
loving-kindness. I have sinned and repented,

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and then sinned again, and resolved against it, and presently broke it; and then I tied myself up with vows, and then was tempted, and then I yielded by little and little, till I was willingly lost again, and my vows fell off like cords of vanity. My secret sins, O Lord, are innumerable: sins I noted not, sins that I willingly neglected, sins that I acted upon willful ignorance and voluntary mispersuasion, sins that I have forgot, and sins which a diligent and a watchful spirit might have prevented, but I would not. Lord, I am confounded with the multitude of them, and the horror of their remembrance. O give me a deep contrition for my sins, a hearty detestation and loathing of them, hating them worse than death with torments. Give me grace entirely, presently, and forever to forsake them; to walk with care and prudence, with fear and watchfulness, all my days; to do all my duty with diligence and charity, with zeal and a never-fainting spirit; to redeem the time, to trust upon thy mercies, to make use of all the instruments of grace, to work out my salvation with fear and trembling; that thou mayest have the glory of pardoning all my sins, and I may reap the fruit of all thy mercies and all thy graces, of thy patience and long suffering, even to live a holy life here, and to reign with thee forever, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

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LVIII

For Daily Needs

O GRACIOUS Father, keep me through thy Holy Spirit; keep my heart soft and tender now in health and amidst the bustle of the world; keep the thought of thyself present to me as my Father in Jesus Christ; and keep alive in me a spirit of love and meekness to all men, that I may be at once gentle and active and firm. O strengthen me to bear pain, or sickness, or danger, or whatever thou shalt be pleased to lay upon me, as Christ's soldier and servant; and let my faith overcome the world daily. Perfect and bless the work of thy Spirit in the hearts of all thy people, and may thy kingdom come, and thy will be done in earth as in heaven. I pray for this, and for all that thou seest me to need, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.—*Thomas Arnold* (1795-1842).

LIX

The Evening Sacrifice

O LORD, let my prayer be set forth in thy sight as the incense; and let the lifting up of my hands be as an evening sacrifice. That it hath pleased God to add another day to the years of my life; that none of his judgments, to which for my sins I am justly liable, have fallen upon me; that by

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his grace he hath kept me from all scandalous sins and from the dangers of an evil world ; that he has given me occasions of doing good, and grace to make use of them ; that he hath supplied me with the necessities of this life, and with the means of attaining a better—accept, O God, of my unfeigned thanks for these, and for all thy mercies from day to day bestowed upon me. Add this to all thy favors, I beseech thee, that I may never forget to be thankful. Amen.—*From Bishop Wilson's Sacra Privata.*

LX

As Little Children

OUR Father in heaven, give us the hearts of little children. When trouble comes may we be able to meet it in the spirit of Jesus. May we know that all things are in the hands of the Lord. May we rest in the Lord and wait for him. We would pray for others as well as for ourselves ; for masters and servants, for teachers and scholars, for rich and poor, for those who sit in heathen darkness, and for those who are enriched with Christian privileges. Thou wilt not put away from thy blessing any who humbly desire to know the sweetness and the power of thy love. We leave ourselves in the hands of God, trusting to the blessed Saviour alone for

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pardon, for daily grace, and for heaven when our work on earth is done. Amen.—*The Congregationalist*.

LXI

For the Morning

O LORD, thou hast mercifully kept us the last night; blessed be thy continued goodness. Receive us likewise into thy protection this day. Guide and assist us in all our thoughts, words, and actions. Make us willing to do and suffer what thou pleasest; waiting for the mercy of our Lord, Christ Jesus, unto eternal life.

Blessed be thy goodness, which hath not suffered us to wander without instruction after the foolish desires of our own hearts; but hath clearly shown us where our happiness lies. O may we receive, with all thankfulness, those holy words which teach us the blessedness of poverty of spirit, of mourning after thee, of meekness and gentleness, of hungering and thirsting after righteousness, of mercifulness and purity of heart, of doing good unto all, and patiently suffering for doing the will of our Lord Christ.

O may we always be in the number of those blessed souls. May we ever feel ourselves happy in having the kingdom of God within us, in the comforts of the Holy One, in being filled with all the fruits of righteousness, in being made the

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children of the Highest, and, above all, in seeing thee, our God. Let us abound in thy love more and more; and in continual prayers and praises to thee, the Father of mercies and God of all consolation, in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*John Wesley.*

LXII

Abide with Me

ABIDE with me, I need Thee every day
To lead me on through all the weary way.
When storms surround, and only clouds I see,
Lord, be my comfort and abide with me!

Be with me, Lord, where'er my path may lead,
Fulfill thy word, supply my every need;
Help me to live each day more close to thee,
And O, dear Lord, I pray, abide with me!

Abide with me, my Lord, and when at last
This earth and all its weary cares are past,
I'll pray no more that thou abide with me,
For then, at last, I shall abide with thee!

—*Emma G. Dietrich, in Christian Work.*

LXIII

A Collect

O THOU gracious Father of mercy, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy upon thy servants who bow our heads, and our knees, and

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our hearts to thee; pardon and forgive us all our sins; give us the grace of holy repentance, and a strict obedience to thy holy word; strengthen us in the inner man with the power of the Holy Ghost for all the parts and duties of our calling and holy living; preserve us forever in the unity of the Church, and in the integrity of the Christian faith, and in the love of God and of our neighbors, and in hope of life eternal. Amen.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

LXIV

For Enlightenment

ENLIGHTEN me, blessed Jesus, with the brightness of thy inner light, and cast forth all darkness from the habitation of my heart. Restrain my many wandering thoughts, and carry away the temptations which strive to do me hurt. Fight thou mightily for me, and drive forth the evil beasts, so call I alluring lusts, that peace may be within thy walls and plenteousness of praise within thy palace, even in my pure conscience. Command thou the winds and the storms; say unto the sea, "Be still;" say unto the stormy wind, "Hold thy peace;" so shall there be a great calm. O send forth thy light and thy truth, that they may shine upon the earth; for I am but earth; for I am but earth without form

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and void until thou give me light. Pour forth thy grace from above; water my heart with the dew of heaven; give the waters of devotion to water the face of the earth, and cause it to bring forth good and perfect fruit. Lift up my mind, which is oppressed with the weight of sins, and raise my whole desire to heavenly things; that having tasted the sweetness of the happiness which is from above, it may take no pleasure in thinking of things of earth.

Draw me and deliver me from every unstable comfort of creatures, for no created thing is able to satisfy my desire and to give me comfort. Join me to thyself by the inseparable bond of love, for thou alone art sufficient to him that loveth thee, and without thee all things are vain toys.—*From Kempis's Imitatio Christi.*

LXV

At Eventide

OUR Lord, our God, thou art very wonderful in the works of nature, very good in providence, just and true in thy government of men, strong on the behalf of them that walk uprightly, but to us thy loveliest attributes are thy long-suffering patience, thine abundant pardon, in the cross and mediation of our High Priest. There we rest. Encircle us with thy care. Be a wall of

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fire around our home. Surround us with the hosts of guardian angels. May we sleep peacefully and safely the sleep of little children. Bless, and defend, and save all whom we love, and may we all be partakers of thy heavenly benediction; and bring us at last by thy grace to thy glory. We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*From Morning and Evening Devotions, by F. B. Meyer.*

LXVI

Be Thou Our Guide

MERCIFULLY regard, O Lord, the prayers of thy family; and while they submit themselves to thee with their whole heart, do thou prosper them with support, and encompass them with blessings, that, relying on thee as their guide, they may be entangled in no evils, but filled with all good.

We beseech thee, O Lord, in thy loving-kindness, set in order our life and conversation, that no adversities may prevail against us, and no kind of health be wanting to us.

Make us, we beseech thee, O Lord, obedient to thy commandments; so that all things may go prosperously with us in following the author of our life and only guardian of our souls.

Grant to thy servants, O Lord, the pardon of

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their sins, comfort in life, and perpetual guidance; whereby they may faithfully serve thee, and be always enabled to attain thy mercy, for thy holy name's sake. Amen.—*From Psalms and Litanies, by Rowland Williams, D.D.*

LXVII

“Up to the Hills”

I OFTEN turn my eyes up to the hills,
That sometimes seem so many leagues away,
And then a longing wish my spirit fills,
That I may reach them some fair, happy day.

And then again so near to me they seem
That I can almost hear the music grand
Come floating sweetly o'er the narrow stream
That flows between me and that peaceful land.

And often when my eyes are dim with tears,
And I am weary in life's lonely way,
I look beyond to those calm, blessed years
That crown the fair old mountains all the day.

And ever when my soul is filled with pain,
And I am crushed to earth with nameless grief,
I look up to the hills, and hope again
Brings to my wounded soul a sweet relief.

O blessed hills! beyond the creeping years
That come to me like milestones one by one,
When God shall wipe away my bitter tears,
Your sun-crowned heights shall be forever won.

—Mrs. M. A. Holt, in *Zion's Herald*.

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LXVIII

Our Life Is Thine

O LORD, thou knowest our life with all its mystery and tragedy, all its pain and joy. It is thy life; it belongs to thee. It is not cut off from thy sovereignty, and especially it is not cut off from the grace of Christ, which is the center of thy glory and thy majesty. May we realize the power of the cross, believe in the Priest Victim of the cross, and see the meaning of his blood. Deliver us from the power of folly. Make us large-hearted, noble-minded, childlike, mighty in all power, but mightiest in tenderness, in sympathy, in the spirit of humanity, so that we can go far down and tell those who are in the valley how high heaven is and what is the way to its glory. Amen.—*British Weekly*.

LXIX

The Good Shepherd

O SHEPHERD of the sheep, who didst promise to carry the lambs in thine arms, and to lead us by the still waters, help us to know the peace which passeth understanding. Give us to drink that heavenly draught which is life, the calm patience which is content to bear what God giveth. Have mercy upon us, and hear our prayers. Lead us gently when we pass through

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the valley of the shadow of death. Guide us, till at last, in the assembly of thy saints, we may find rest for evermore. Amen.—*George Dawson.*

LXX

The Spiritual Life

SING, O my soul! The radiant day
Sweeps the shades of night away.
When, dear Lord, I think on thee
All my doubting shadows flee.

Sing, O my soul, exalt the theme!
Thou, O Lord, art love supreme.
With me, Lord, forever be;
All I need I find in thee.

—*Richard H. Barrows.*

LXXI

The Sacredness of Life

ETERNAL God, who committest to us the swift and solemn trust of life, since we know not what a day may bring forth, but only that the hour for serving thee is always present, may we wake to the instant claims of thy holy will; not waiting for to-morrow, but yielding to-day. Lay to rest, by the persuasion of thy Spirit, the resistance of our passion, indolence, or fear. Consecrate with thy presence the way our feet may go; and the humblest work will shine, and the roughest places be made plain. Lift us above unright-

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eous anger and mistrust into faith and hope and charity by a simple and steadfast reliance on thy sure will. In all things draw us to the mind of Christ, that thy lost image may be traced again, and thou mayest own us as at one with him and thee. Amen.—*James Martineau.*

LXXII

A Thanksgiving

O MOST merciful and gracious God, thou fountain of all mercy and blessing, thou hast opened the hand of thy mercy to fill me with blessings, and the sweet effects of thy loving-kindness; thou feedest us like a shepherd, thou governest us as a king, thou bearest us in thy arms like a nurse, thou dost cover us under the shadow of thy wings, and shelter us like a hen; thou, O dearest Lord, wakest for us as a watchman, thou providest for us like a husband, thou lovest us as a friend, and thinkest on us perpetually, as a careful mother on her helpless babe, and art exceeding merciful to all that fear thee. Unto thee, O Lord, I ascribe the praise and honor of my redemption. I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy, for thou hast considered my trouble, and hast known my soul in adversity. As thou hast spread thy hand upon me for a covering, so also enlarge my heart with thankfulness, and fill my

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mouth with praises, that my duty and returns to thee may be great as my needs of mercy are; and let thy gracious favors and loving-kindness endure forever and ever upon thy servant; and grant that what thou hast sown in mercy may spring up in duty; and let thy grace so strengthen my purposes that I may sin no more, lest thy threatening return upon me in anger, and thy anger break me into pieces; but let me walk in the light of thy favor, and in the paths of thy commandments; that I, living here to the glory of thy name, may at last enter into the glory of my Lord, to spend a whole eternity in giving praise to thy exalted and ever-glorious name. Amen.—*From Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living.*

LXXIII

A Cry for Rest

ABOVE all things and in all things thou shalt rest alway in the Lord, O my soul, for he himself is the eternal rest of the saints. Grant me, most sweet and loving Jesus, to rest in thee above every creature, above all health and beauty, above all glory and honor, above all power and dignity, above all knowledge and skillfulness, above all riches and arts, above all joy and exultation, above all fame and praise, above all hope and promise, above all merit and desire, above all gifts and reward which thou canst give and pour

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forth, above all joy and jubilation which the mind is able to receive and feel ; in a word, above angels and archangels and all the army of heaven, above all things visible and above everything which thou, O my God, art not.

For thou, O Lord my God, art best above all things ; thou art the Most High ; thou only the Almighty ; thou only the All-Sufficient, and the fullness of all things ; thou only the All-Delightsome and the All-Comforting ; thou alone the altogether lovely and altogether loving ; thou alone the Most Exalted and Most Glorious above all things ; in whom all things are, and were, and ever shall be, altogether and all perfect. And thus it falleth short and is insufficient whatsoever thou givest to me without thyself, or whatsoever thou revealest or dost promise concerning thyself, whilst thou art not seen or fully possessed ; since verily my heart cannot truly rest nor be entirely content, except it rest in thee, and go beyond all gifts and every creature. —*From Kempis's Imitatio Christi.*

LXXIV

On the Mount

Nor always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be ;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

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“Lord, it is good abiding here”—
We cry, the heavenly Presence near;
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies!

Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways;

Till all the lowly vale grows bright,
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for vision—but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

—*Frederick Lucian Hosmer.*

LXXV

Fullness in Christ

O LORD, seeing there is in Christ Jesus an infinite fullness of all that we can want or wish, O that we may all receive of his fullness, grace upon grace; grace to pardon our sins and subdue our iniquities; to justify our persons and to sanctify our souls; and to complete that holy change, that renewal of our hearts, whereby we may be transformed into that blessed image wherein thou didst create us. O make us all meet to be partakers to the inheritance of thy saints in light.

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And teach us, O God, to use this world without abusing it; and to receive the things needful for the body, without losing our part in thy love, which is better than life itself. Whatever we have of this world, O may we have the same with thy leave and love; sanctified to us by the word of God and by prayer; and by the right improvement thereof to thy glory. And whatever we want of worldly things, leave us not destitute of the "things that accompany salvation;" but adorn our souls with all such graces of thy Holy Spirit, that we may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.

And now that thou hast renewed our lives and thy mercies to us this morning, help us to renew our desires and resolutions and endeavors to live in obedience to thy holy will. O restrain us from the sins into which we are most prone to fall, and quicken us to the duties we are most averse to perform; and grant that we may think and speak, and will and do, the things becoming the children of our heavenly Father; and so find the strong consolation of thy gracious acceptance in Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.—*John Wesley.*

LXXVI

A Confession

ENTER not into judgment with thy servants,
O Lord, for in thy sight shall no flesh living be

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justified. We desire to make confession of our sin, to the end that we may obtain forgiveness of the same. Forgive us our selfishness, our vanity, our pride, our confidence and self-assertion. Blot out our sins from the book of thy remembrance and grant us the peace which passeth understanding. Grant us thy grace, that we may be able so to apply our lives, so to feel the power of our Master's love, so to be quickened with zeal and devotion in his service that we may be able, each in his own sphere and according to the power which thou hast granted to us, to present unto the world the image of Christ, to suggest God to men, and to lead others to him. Grant us day by day an ever-deepening and fuller knowledge of thy truth which saves. Amen.—*British Weekly*.

LXXVII

For the Sick and Dying

O LORD of life and death, have mercy upon all those who are visited with sickness; sanctify this thy fatherly correction, that they may search their ways, and see whence this visitation cometh. Have mercy upon all that are appointed to die, and grant that they omit nothing that is necessary to make their peace with thee, and that they may be delivered from death eternal. And God

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grant that we may apply our hearts to that holy and heavenly wisdom, while we live here, which may in the end bring us to life everlasting, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*From Bishop Wilson's Sacra Privata.*

LXXVIII

Deliverance from Despair

GRANT, O God, that, amidst all the discouragements, difficulties, dangers, distress, and darkness of this mortal life, I may depend upon thy mercy, and on this build my hopes, as on a sure foundation. Let thine infinite mercy in Christ Jesus deliver me from despair, both now and at the hour of death. Amen.—*From Bishop Wilson's Sacra Privata.*

LXXIX

In Distress

GRANT unto us, Almighty God, in all time of sore distress, the comfort of the forgiveness of our sins. In time of darkness give us blessed hope, in time of sickness of body give us quiet courage; and when the heart is bowed down, and the soul is very heavy, and life is a burden,

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and pleasure a weariness, and the sun is too bright, and life too mirthful, then may that Spirit, the Spirit of the Comforter, come upon us, and after darkness may there be the clear shining of the heavenly light; that so, being uplifted again by thy mercy, we may pass on through this our mortal life with quiet courage, patient hope, and unshaken trust, hoping through thy loving-kindness and tender mercy to be delivered from death into the large life of the eternal years. Hear us of thy mercy, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*George Dawson.*

LXXX

Divine Companionship

IF I could only surely know
That all these things that tire me so
Were noticed by my Lord,
The pang that cuts me like a knife,
The lesser pains of daily life,
The noise, the weariness, the strife;
What peace it would afford!

I wonder if he really shares
In all my little human cares—
This mighty King of kings?
If he who guides through endless space
Each blazing planet in its place
Can have the condescending grace
To mind these petty things?

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It seems to me if sure of this,
Blent with each ill would come such bliss
That I might covet pain,
And deem whatever brought to me
The loving thought of deity,
And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy
Not loss, but richest gain.

Dear Lord! my heart hath not a doubt
That thou dost compass me about
With sympathy divine!
The love for me once crucified
Is not the love to leave my side
But waiteth ever to divide
Each smallest care of mine.

—*Author unknown.*

LXXXI

The Early Year

O God, the Creator of both summer and winter, who causest light to shine out of the thick gloom, and bringest good out of evil: give us grace so to flee what thou forbiddest, that we may cast aside the works of darkness, and so to choose what thou commandest, that we may be children of light; but, since darkness and light obey thee, give all the messengers of thy providence charge over us, that, serving thee in peace and thankfulness, we may be brought through humility to serve thee in glory. Grant this prayer, O Lord. Amen.—*Anonymous.*

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LXXXII

Deliver Me, O God

DELIVER me, O God, from too intense an application to even necessary business. I know how this dissipates my thoughts from the one end of all my business, and impairs that lively perception I would ever retain of thee standing at my right hand. I know the narrowness of my heart, and that an eager attention to earthly things leaves it no room for the things of heaven. O teach me to go through all my employments with so truly disengaged a heart, that I may still see thee in all things, and see thee therein as continually looking upon me, and searching my reins; and that I may never impair that liberty of spirit which is necessary for the love of thee.

Deliver me, O God, from a slothful mind, from all lukewarmness, and all dejection of spirit. I know these cannot but deaden my love to thee; mercifully free my heart from them, and give me a lively, zealous, active, and cheerful spirit; that I may vigorously perform whatever thou commandest, thankfully suffer whatever thou choosest for me, and be ever ardent to obey in all things thy holy love.

Above all, deliver me, O my God, from all idolatrous self-love. I know, O God (blessed be thy infinite mercy for giving me this knowledge),

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that this is the root of all evil. I know thou madest me, not to do my own will, but thine. I know that the very corruption of the devil is the having a will contrary to thine. O be thou my helper against this most dangerous of all idols, that I may both discern all its subtleties, and withstand all its force. O thou who hast commanded me to renounce myself, give me strength, and I will obey thy command. My choice and desire is to love myself, as all other creatures, in and for thee. O let thy almighty arm so stablish, strengthen, and settle me, that thou mayest ever be the ground and pillar of all my love. Amen.—*John Wesley.*

LXXXIII

Before a Journey

LORD, go before thy servant this day, and let me not go forth unless thou go forth with me—thou who guidest pilgrims and emigrants, the God of wanderers and of strangers, who art both God near and God afar. Be with me, O Lord, and guide me, and dispose my way; bless me in all good ends, and keep me in innocence, and bring me home in safety, with thanksgiving. So be it, O Lord. Amen.—*From Psalms and Litanies, by Rowland Williams, D.D.*

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LXXXIV

At Evening Time

At evening time, when day is done,
Life's little day is near its close,
And all the glare and heat are gone,
And gentle dews foretell repose;
To crown my faith before the night,
At evening time let there be light!

God doth send light at evening time,
And bids the fears and doubtings flee;
I trust his promises sublime;
His glory now is risen on me;
His full salvation is in sight—
At evening time there now is light!

—G. Rawson.

LXXXV

Nearer to Thee

O GOD, my God, I am all weakness, but thou art my strength; I am ever anew bowed down by any trial, but thou canst and willest to lift me up. Let me not fail, O God, my strength; let me not be discouraged, O God, my hope. Draw me, each day, if it be but a little nearer unto thee; make me, each day, if it be but a little less unlike thee; let me do or bear each day something, for love of thee, whereby I may be fitter for thee. Let no day pass without my having done something pleasing unto thee. Thus alone would I live,

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that I may live more unto thee; thus would I die, longing to love thee more. Amen.—*E. B. Pusey.*

LXXXVI

Our All in All

ALMIGHTY God, our light in darkness, our strength in weakness, our hope in sinfulness, and our eternal home, be unto us merciful, long-suffering, and patient; that we, who be slow of growth, may hope to come at last to thy likeness; and, being upheld by thee, may by thy mercy go from strength to strength, until, through the waste and dreariness, through the joy and duty of this earthly life having safely passed, we through the fullness of thy mercy may come into the land of the eternal peace. Amen.—*George Dawson.*

LXXXVII

Lord, Succor Us

O LORD, succor, we beseech thee, us who are tempted. May nothing induce us to distrust thy care over us, nor to use thy gifts to the denial of thee, their Giver. May we never presume upon thy protection when we are forsaking thy paths, and tempting thee. May we never, for the sake of any supposed gain or advancement,

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quench the testimony of thy Spirit, or prove disloyal to thy service. Do thou so support us in all temptations that, when we have been tried, we may receive the crown of life, which thou hast prepared for them that love thee. Amen.—
Henry Alford.

LXXXVIII

My World Within

As Thou hast made thy world without,
Make thou more fair my world within;
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt,
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin.
Fill, brief or long, my granted span
Of life with love to thee and man;
Strike when thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best!

—*J. G. Whittier.*

LXXXIX

In Time of Storm

ALMIGHTY God, Lord of the storm and of the calm, the vexed sea and the quiet haven, of day and of night, of life and of death, grant unto us so to have our hearts stayed upon thy faithfulness, thine unchangingness and love, that, whatsoever betide us, however black the cloud or dark the night, with quiet faith trusting in thee, we may look upon thee with untroubled eye, and walking in lowliness toward thee, and in loving-

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ness toward one another, abide all storms and troubles of this mortal life, beseeching thee that they may turn to the soul's true good. We ask it for thy mercy's sake, shown in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*George Dawson.*

XC

The Giver of All Good

O God, who art the Giver of all good gifts, I thy unworthy servant entirely desire to praise thy name for all the expressions of thy bounty toward me. Blessed be thy love for giving thy Son to die for our sins, for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. Blessed be thy love for all the temporal benefits which thou hast with a liberal hand poured out upon me; for my health and strength, food and raiment, and all other necessities with which thou hast provided thy sinful servant. I also bless thee that, after all my refusal of thy grace, thou still hast patience with me, hast preserved me through this night, and given me yet another day to renew and perfect my repentance. Pardon, good Lord, all my former sins, and make me every day more zealous and diligent to improve every opportunity of building up my soul in thy faith, and love, and obedience. Make thyself always pres-

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ent to my mind, and let thy love fill and rule my soul, in all those places and companies and employments to which thou callest me this day. In all my passage through this world suffer not my heart to be set upon it; but always fix my single eye and my undivided affections on "the prize of my high calling." This one thing let me do; let me so press toward this, as to make all things else minister unto it; and be careful so to use them, as thereby to fit my soul for that pure bliss which thou hast prepared for those that love thee. Amen.—*John Wesley.*

XCI

For the Disconsolate

O LORD, have compassion, we beseech of thee, upon those that are in darkness and trouble; upon those that are bound hand and foot. Thou that dost deliver the prisoners, break the doors and the chains that hold them, whatever they may be, within or without; and bring them forth into liberty and light and joy. Grant, we pray thee, that if there be those who sit in the valley and the shadow of death, they may find in thy word comfort and consolation, and may discern the rising of the sun of a better day. Amen.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

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XCII

For Discernment

GRANT me, O Lord, to know that which ought to be known; to love that which ought to be loved; to praise that which pleaseth thee most, to esteem that which is precious in thy sight, to blame that which is vile in thine eyes. Suffer me not to judge according to the sight of bodily eyes, nor to give sentence according to the hearing of the ears of ignorant men; but to discern in true judgment between visible and spiritual things, and above all things to be ever seeking after the will of thy good pleasure.—*Imitatio Christi.*

XCIII

Longing and Listening

To stretch my hand and touch Him,
 Though he be far away;
To raise my eyes and see him
 Through darkness as through day;
To lift my voice and call him—
 This is to pray!

To feel a hand extended
 By One who standeth near;
To view the love that shineth
 In eyes serene and clear;
To know that he is calling—
 This is to hear!
—*The late Samuel W. Duffield, D.D.*

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XCIV

Guard and Give

O HEAVENLY Father, we need thy love and thy calm breath shed abroad in our souls to be a fountain of strength; we know not without thee what may befall us this day, either of peril or of temptation or sorrow. But thou canst put a guard about our path, and canst fence all our senses from temptation by sobering them with thy holy fear. Thou canst recall us from vain imaginings, and calm the passionate or useless reverie. Give us, then, we pray thee, a right sense of duty, to shield us in all conflict, and guard us against sin and death. Lead us not into temptation; or when we are tempted, deliver us by humble watchfulness from all power of evil. Amen.—*From Psalms and Litanies, by Rowland Williams, D.D.*

XCV

Beginning the Day

O LORD, our strength and our Redeemer, send thy light and thy truth into our hearts this day. Help us to give thy Spirit the right of way into every avenue and chamber of our natures. Invigorate and clarify our judgments; cleanse our imaginations; make our wills resolute and firm in the path of obedience; renew our affections

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and fix them upon thee. Make our hearts the habitation of thy grace, and teach us to regard our bodies as the temples of the Holy Ghost. May we commune with thee in our inmost thoughts, love thee with all our strength, and devote ourselves to thy service forever. Grant this for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.
—*J. B. Y.*

XCVI

Lord, I Give Thanks

LORD, I give thanks!

Last year, thou knowest, my best ambitions failed;
My back with scourgings of defeat was flailed;
My eyes felt oft the sharp salt wash of tears;
No guerdon blessed the tireless toil of years;
Fast in the snares my helpless feet were tied.
Yet in my woes thou didst with me abide.

Lord, I give thanks!

Lord, I give thanks!

Last year my one lone ship came back to me,
A ruined wreck of what she used to be,
No cargo in her hold, storm-stained and scarred.
O Lord, thou knowest that it was hard, was hard,
To watch her drifting bulk with hopeless eye.
Yet in my desolation thou wert nigh.

Lord, I give thanks!

Lord, I give thanks!

Last year the one I loved the dearest died,
And like a desert waste became the wide

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And weary world. Love's last sweet star went out :
Blackness of darkness wrapped me round about.
Yet, in the midst of my mad misery,
Thou lent'st thy rod and staff to comfort me.

Lord, I give thanks !

—*Susie M. Best, in Lippincott's.*

XCVII

An Evening Supplication

INTO thy hands, most blessed Jesus, I commend my soul and body, for thou hast redeemed both with thy most precious blood. So bless and sanctify my sleep unto me that it may be temperate, holy, and safe, a refreshment to my wearied body, to enable it to serve my soul, that both may serve thee with a never-failing duty. O let me never sleep in sin or death eternal, but give me a watchful and a prudent spirit, that I may omit no opportunity of serving thee; that whether I sleep or wake, live or die, I may be thy servant and thy child; that when the work of my life is done, I may rest in the bosom of my Lord, till by the voice of the archangel, the trumpet of God, I shall be awakened and called to sit down and feast in the eternal supper of the Lamb. Grant this, O Lamb of God, for the honor of thy mercies, and the glory of thy name, O most merciful Saviour and Redeemer Jesus. Amen.—*From Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living.*

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XCVIII

Speak to Me, Lord

SPEAK to me, Lord! Thy word of consolation
Steals like sweet dew to freshen every hour:
Speak, I implore, a message of salvation
To shield my heart from keen temptation's power.

Thou art my life, my strength! Good Lord, remember
How weak I am, how prone to faint and fall!
When Love burns low breathe on each dying ember,
And with thy breath its fervent glow recall.

Thou art my hope! How could I reach thy heaven,
If thou no helping hand didst lay on me?
Thy mercy oft my wanderings has forgiven:
Forgive once more, and bid me live in thee!
—*Henry W. Hawkes.*

XCIX

Lead Us Not into Temptation

LORD, thou knowest our infirmities, and the power and malice of our enemies. Thou knowest how to deliver the godly out of temptation. Grant, O God, that I may never run into those temptations, which in my prayers I desire to avoid! Vouchsafe me the gift of perseverance, on which my eternal happiness depends. Lord, never permit my trials to be above my strength. O Holy Spirit of grace, be not wanting to me in the hour of temptation. And in all temptations,

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give us power to resist and overcome. Leave us not in the power of evil spirits to ruin us. Support us under all our saving trials and troubles. Amen.—*From Bishop Wilson's Sacra Privata.*

C

Lift Up My Soul

LET me not seek out of thee what I can find only in thee, O Lord, peace and rest and joy and bliss, which abide only in thine abiding joy. Lift up my soul above the weary round of harassing thoughts to thy eternal presence. Lift up my soul to the pure, bright, serene, radiant atmosphere of thy presence, that there I may breathe freely, there repose in thy love, there be at rest from myself, and from all things that weary me; and thence return, arrayed with thy peace, to do and bear what shall please thee. Amen.—*Rev. Dr. E. B. Pusey.*

CI

Inwardly Renewed

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will prevail to make!
What heavy burden from our bosoms take,
What parched grounds revive, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth a sunny outline brave and clear.

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We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!
Why, wherefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with thee?

—*R. C. Trench.*

CII

A Birthday Prayer

BLESSED be God for my creation and birth;
for giving me a being from honest parents, fearing God, and in a Christian and Protestant country; for giving me perfect members and senses, a sound reason, and a healthful constitution; for the means of grace, the assistances of the Holy Spirit, and for the hope of glory; for my good education; for all the known and unobserved favors, providences, and deliverances, by which my life has hitherto been preserved; most humbly beseeching thee, my God and Father, to pardon my neglect or abuse of thy favors, and that I have so very much forgotten thee, in whom I live, and move, and have my being.

Good Lord, forgive me the great waste of my precious time; the many days and years of health, and the many opportunities of doing good, which I have lost; and give me grace, that for the time to come I may be truly wise, that I may

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consider my latter end, and work out my salvation with fear and trembling, ever remembering "that the night cometh when no man can work;" and that the day of my death may be better to me than the day of my birth.

O gracious God, grant that before thou takest from me that breath which thou gavest me, I may truly repent of the errors of my life past; that my sins may be forgiven, and my pardon sealed in heaven; so that I may have a place of rest in paradise with thy faithful servants, till the general resurrection; when the good Lord vouchsafe me a better and an everlasting life, through Jesus Christ. Amen.—*From Bishop Wilson's Sacra Privata.*

CIII

For Constancy

LORD God of mercy, give to thy martyrs, confessors, and all thy persecuted, constancy and prudence, boldness and hope, a full faith, and a never-failing charity. To all who are condemned to death do thou minister comfort, a strong, a quiet, and a resigned spirit; take from them the fear of death, and all remaining affections to sin, and all imperfections of duty, and cause them to die full of grace, full of hope. And give to all faithful, and particularly to them who have rec-

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commended themselves to the prayers of thy unworthy servant, a supply of all their needs, temporal and spiritual, and, according to their several states and necessities, rest and peace, pardon and refreshment; and show us all a mercy in the day of judgment. Amen.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

CIV

His Way Is Best

GOD lets us go our way alone, till we are homesick and distressed,

And humbly, then, come back to own his way is best.

He lets us thirst by Horeb's rock, and hunger in the wilderness;

Yet, at our feeblest, faintest knock, he waits to bless.

He lets us faint in far-off lands, and feed on husks,
and feel the smart,

Till we come home with empty hands and swelling heart.

But then for us the robe and ring, the Father's welcome
and the feast,

While over us the angels sing—though last and least.
—*British Weekly.*

CV

A Fruit-bearing Day

GLORIFY thy holy name, O God, through us in a fruit-bearing day. Help us to abide in Christ that we may share his life and do his work. If

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the channels of our thought and our desire are checked with sin, purge us that we may bring forth more fruit. In the morning hours of toil, in noontime rest, in the work that draws to an end with the sun setting, and in our evening thoughts or cares abide thou with us and make our hearts glad in thee. The night's rest and the new strength the morning brings for soul and body are from thee, and thine shall be our praise in every gain and effort, in every joy and grief, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*The Congregationalist.*

CVI

Before Studying the Word

GIVE me, O God, a love for thy Scriptures, and a true understanding of them. O Jesus, open my understanding, cause me to love thy word, and to order my faith and life according to it. May I, O Jesus, love thy word, make thy Gospel my delight, and continue in the practice of thy law unto my life's end. O Holy Spirit, make me to understand, embrace, and love the truths of the Gospel. Give, O God, thy blessing unto thy word, that it may become effectual to my conversion and salvation, and to the salvation of all that read or hear it. Let thy gracious promises, O God, contained in thy word, quicken my obedi-

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ence. Let thy dreadful threatenings and judgments upon sinners fright me from sin, and oblige me to a speedy repentance, for Jesus Christ's sake. Cause me, O God, to believe thy word, to obey thy commands, to fear thy judgments, and to hope in, and depend upon, thy gracious promises, contained in thy holy word, for Jesus Christ's sake.—*From Sacra Privata, by Bishop Wilson.*

CVII

Watch over Us for Good

O LORD our God, thy glory is above all our thoughts, and thy mercy is over all thy works. We are still living monuments of thy mercy; for thou hast not cut us off in our sins, but still givest us a good hope and strong consolation through grace. Thou hast sent thy only Son into the world, "that whosoever believeth in him should not perish" in his sins, "but have everlasting life." O Lord, we believe; help our unbelief, and give us the true "repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," that we may be in the number of those who do indeed repent and "believe to the saving of the soul." "Being justified by faith," let us "have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ;" let us "rejoice in him through whom we have now redemption

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in his blood ;” and let “the love of God be shed abroad in our hearts, by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.”

And we pray that thou wilt be to us a Father of mercies and a God of consolation, so that thou wilt make us “followers of God as dear children,” ever jealous over our hearts, and watchful over our ways ; continually fearing to offend, and endeavoring to please thee. Thou knowest, O Lord, all our temptations, and the sin that doth so easily beset us. Thou knowest the devices of the enemy, and the deceitfulness of our own hearts. We pray thee, good Lord, that thou wilt arm us with the whole armor of God. Uphold us with thy free spirit, and watch over us for good evermore. Amen.—*John Wesley.*

CVIII

O MOTHER-HEART, to thee I turn—
Comfort thy child, for thee I yearn :
Like a parched field my soul doth lie
Pining beneath a sultry sky ;
O heavenly Dew, O gentle Rain,
Descend and bid it bloom again.

—*G. Tersteegen.*

CIX

The Night Also is Thine

“O LORD, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou made them all. The day is

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thine, the night also is thine; thou hast prepared the light and the sun." We render thee thanks for all the benefits which thou hast bestowed on the whole world; especially on us, whom thou hast called to the knowledge of thy grace in Christ Jesus. It is a marvelous love wherewith thou hast loved us. Thou hast not dealt so with all people; and as for thy great and precious promises, they have not known them.

Accept, O merciful Father, the good resolutions which thou hast inspired us with by thy Spirit. Strengthen them, we beseech thee, with thy continued grace, that no sudden desires, vehement inclinations, ineffectual purposes, no, nor partial performances, may lead us into a false opinion of ourselves; but that we may bring forth actually, and with a constant spirit, all the fruits of righteousness, which are by Christ Jesus.

Deny not, O Lord, the desires of those souls who would offer up themselves entirely to thy service. But preserve us always in seriousness of spirit. Let the sense of our weakness make us watchful and diligent, the sense of our former negligence excite us to be fervent in spirit, and the goodness of thy commands render us fruitful and abundant in the work of the Lord. O that all our pious affections may be turned into actions of piety and holiness; and may all our actions be spirited with zeal, and all our zeal

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regulated with prudence, and our prudence void of all guile, and joined with perfect integrity of heart; that, adorning our most holy faith here, by an upright, charitable, and discreet conversation, we may receive praise in the day of the Lord, and be numbered with thy saints in glory everlasting. Amen.—*John Wesley.*

CX

Prayer of a Penitent

FOR, as for me, I am not worthy to be called thy servant, much less am I worthy to be thy son; for I am the vilest of sinners and the worst of men, a lover of the things of the world, and a despiser of the things of God (proud and envious, lustful and intemperate), greedy of sin and impatient of reproof, desirous to seem holy and negligent of being so, transported with interest, fooled with presumption and false principles, disturbed with anger, with a peevish and unmortified spirit, and disordered by a whole body of sin and death. Lord, pardon all my sins for my Saviour's sake; thou who didst die for me, holy Jesus, save me and deliver me; reserve not my sins to be punished in the day of wrath and eternal vengeance; but wash away my sins, and blot them out of thy remembrance, and purify my soul with the waters of repentance and the blood of the

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cross; that for what is past thy wrath may not come out against me, and for the time to come I may never provoke thee to anger or jealousy. O just and dear God, be pitiful and gracious to thy servant. Amen.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

CXI

In the Sanctuary

WE beseech thee, Lord, open the heavens from whence thy gifts descend to us, and from hence may our hearts look back to thee. Grant that while we receive the benefits which we implore, we may render the service enjoined to us. Look down from heaven, O Lord, behold and visit this vine which thy right hand hath planted. Strengthen the weak, relieve the contrite, confirm the strong. Build them up in love, cleanse them with purity, enlighten them with wisdom, keep them with mercy. Thou who art the eternal Shepherd of men, feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, seek for the lost, convert the wandering, bind up that which is broken; may they feel the touch of thy hand, and receive the joy of the Holy Spirit, that they may remain blessed for evermore. Almighty God, who fillest earth, and air, and sea, and sky with thy infinite presence, but bringest chiefly thy thought to life in the house of prayer and the minds of men, give us

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grace always to enter thy church with awe, and so to call on thee in common devotion, that we may go forth with a blessing, for thy goodness' sake.—*From Rowland Williams's Psalms and Litanies.*

CXII

Thy Will Is Best

I WOULD have climbed at early dawn
Up the steep hillside, toiling where
The paths led on through sun and shade,
Till I had won its summit fair;
I would have kept mine own rash will,
When, lo! He whispered me,
"Be still."

I would have rested, at the hush
Of eventide, by some calm stream,
And there, with folded hands, content,
Lived o'er again life's checkered dream;
But, ah! through twilight's deepest ray
His clear voice thrilled me,
Whispering, "Nay."

O God! I thank thee, I have learned
That thine unerring will is best;
At thy command, that rest is toil,
That, with thy presence, toil is rest;
Content, through bright or shadowed way,
At thy sweet will to go
Or stay.

—*Author unknown.*

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CXIII

A Child's Prayer

O LORD, my most loving Saviour and merciful Redeemer, who commandest that little children should come unto thee, and didst take them up in thine arms, lay thy hands upon and bless them, look graciously upon me, who am one of thy children devoted to thy service. Have compassion on the weakness of my tender years, and keep me from all evil and danger both in body and soul. Make me always mindful of my Creator in the days of my youth, and of that baptismal vow that was made in my name. Make me dutiful to my parents, loving to my associates, obedient to my governors and instructors, and courteous and humble to all, that as I grow in years I may grow in grace and wisdom and be in favor with God and man. Guide and sanctify me by thy Holy Spirit, that the longer I live the better I may be, to the comfort of my parents, the honor and glory of thee, my God, and my own happiness both here and hereafter; and this I beg for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.—*The Congregationalist*.

CXIV

A Fresh Beginning

WHOM have I in heaven but thee, O Lord? and there is none on earth that I will desire be-

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sides thee. Thou art my God, and I will thank thee; thou art my God, and I will serve thee. Be thou my only Ruler and Governor. They that have a convenient place to sleep in, and they that have the comfort of sleep, have both great reason to be thankful. And even they that want these mercies ought to bless God, if in the midst of their afflictions he is pleased to refresh them with the comforts of grace. Therefore, O gracious God, continue to me these favors so long, and in such a measure, as shall most contribute to thy honor, and my salvation. And in great mercy support and relieve all that want these blessings. Lord, make me ever mindful of my infirmities and backslidings, that I may be more watchful, and more importunate for grace for the time to come. O Lord, grant that the adversity of our souls may never find me off my guard, or from under thy protection. O Lord, obtain for me the spirit of mortification and self-denial, that I may follow thee, as I hope to live with thee forever. Amen.—*From Bishop Wilson's Sacra Privata.*

CXV

An Abundant Entrance

O LORD, we pray that we may be mindful of what thou commandest us to do. May we not be content with the mere attainment of life

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through Jesus Christ our Lord, precious as this is in the last degree, but may we seek to have it more abundantly. May we be stimulated by the exhortations of thy word, and the examples which it holds up for our imitation, to strive after every grace of the Christian character. May we add to our faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity; that so an entrance may be ministered to us abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.—*British Weekly*.

CXVI

Evening Invocation

O MY God, let thy glorious name be duly honored and loved by all the creatures which thou hast made. Let thy infinite goodness and greatness be ever adored by all angels and men. May thy Church be protected from all the powers of darkness. O vouchsafe to all who call themselves by thy name one short glimpse of thy goodness. May they once taste and see how gracious thou art, that all things else may be tasteless to them; that their desires may be always flying up toward thee; that they may render

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thee love, and praise, and obedience, pure and cheerful, constant and zealous, universal and uniform, like that the holy angels render thee in heaven.

O thou Shepherd of Israel, vouchsafe to receive me this night and ever into thy protection; accept my poor services, and pardon the sinfulness of these and all my holy duties. O let it be thy good pleasure shortly to put a period to sin and misery, to infirmity and death, to complete the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy kingdom; that we, and all that wait for thy salvation, may eternally love and praise thee, O God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.
—*John Wesley.*

CXVII

At Eventide

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, at evening, and morning, and at noonday, we humbly beseech thee, that thou wouldest drive from our hearts the darkness of sin, and let us walk in the true light, which shineth out from thy will forever. Thine is the day, O Lord, and the night is thine; grant that the Sun of Righteousness may abide in our hearts, to drive away dark and wicked thoughts; through thy holy breathing

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whereby thou puttest strength in us. We give thee thanks, O Lord, who hast preserved us through the day. We give thee thanks, who wilt preserve us through the night. Bring us, we beseech thee, O Lord, in safety to the morning hours, that thou mayest receive our praise at all times, and we be thy people, and thou our God. Amen.—*From Psalms and Litanies, by Rowland Williams, D.D.*

CXVIII

Glorify Thy Name

O ETERNAL God, who hast made all things for man, and man for thy glory, sanctify my body and soul, my thoughts and my intentions, my words and actions, that whatsoever I shall think, or speak, or do, may be by me designed to the glorification of thy name, and by thy blessing it may be effective and successful in the work of God, according as it can be capable. Lord, turn my necessities into virtue, the works of nature into the works of grace, by making them orderly, regular, temperate, subordinate, and profitable to ends beyond their own proper efficacy ; and let no pride or self-seeking, no covetousness or revenge, no impure mixture of unhandsome purposes, no little ends and low imaginations pollute my spirit and unhallow any of my words and actions ; but

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let my body be a servant of my spirit, and both body and spirit servants of Jesus; that doing all things for thy glory here, I may be partaker of thy glory hereafter, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

CXIX

Send Me

Not mine to mount to courts where seraphs sing,
Or glad archangels soar on outstretched wing;
Not mine, in union with celestial choirs,
To sound heaven's trump or strike the gentler wires;
Not mine to stand enrolled at crystal gates,
Where Michael thunders or where Uriel waits.

But lesser worlds a Father's kindness know.
Be mine some simple service here below—
To weep with those who weep, their joy to share,
Their pains to solace or their burdens bear;
Some widow in her agony to meet,
Some exile in his new-found home to greet;
To serve some child of thine, and so serve thee.
Lo, here am I: to such a work send me.

—*Dr. E. E. Hale.*

CXX

At Thy Feet

ALMIGHTY Saviour, before whom all the wicked are scattered as chaff before the wind, may our hearts be so thoroughly convinced of thy

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transcendent power and greatness, that we may willingly lay ourselves at thy feet and worship thee, lest thou destroy us by the blasting of the breath of thy lips. Thou here rulest among thine enemies; come and rule also in our hearts; and may that carnal mind, which is enmity against thee, be made thy footstool. Grant that thy sacred word may not be unto us a savor of death unto death, but a savor of life unto life, for the sake of thine infinite love. Amen.—*From Meditations and Contemplations, by J. J. Rambach, D.D.*

CXXI

With a Resigned Will

I WILL love thee, O God; being satisfied that all things, however strange and irksome they appear, shall work together for good to those that do so. I know in whom I have believed; I have a Saviour at thy right hand, full of kindness, full of care, full of power; he has prayed for me, that this faith fail me not; and by this faith I am persuaded, that neither tribulation, nor anguish, nor persecution, nor famine, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor sword, nor death which I may fear, nor life which I may hope for, nor things present which I feel, nor things to come which I may apprehend, shall ever prevail so

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far over me, as to make me not to resign my will entirely to thee. In a humble, quiet, and dutiful submission, let me faithfully run the race that is set before me, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who, for the joy that was set before him, despised the shame, endured the cross, and is now seated at the right hand of God; to whom I most humbly beseech thee to bring me in thy good time; and for whatever shall fall out in the meanwhile, thy will be done. Amen.—*From Bishop Wilson's Sacra Privata.*

CXXII

Lord of the Living

O THOU Eternal, in whose appointment our life standeth, thou hast committed our work to us, and we would commit our cares to thee. May we feel that we are not our own, and that thou wilt heed our wants, while we are intent upon thy will. May we never dwell carelessly or say in our hearts: "I am here, and there is none over me;" nor anxiously, as though our path were hid; but with a mind simply fixed upon our trust, and choosing nothing but the dispositions of thy providence. More and more fill us with that pity for others' troubles which comes from forgetfulness of our own; and the glad hope of the children of eternity. And unto thee, the Beginning

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and the End, Lord of the living, Refuge of the dying, be thanks and praise forever! Amen.—
Rev. Dr. James Martineau.

CXXIII

A Litany

O THOU hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain in the broad sea; thou on whom our fathers hoped, and were delivered; waited, and were not confounded; my own hope from my youth, and from my mother's breasts: be thou my portion in the land of the living. In thy nature and thy names, and in the experience of those who sought thee, we find strength to lay hold upon. O Lord, thou who art a rock and a refuge, let us not be disappointed in our trust in thee. Thou who knowest whereof we are made, and whereby our shortcoming, have pity on all, O Lord. Lord both of the dead and the living, live we or die we, be thou our hope; have pity on both living and dead. O Helper of the helpless, and stronger than the strong, remember all who are in distress of mind, body, or estate; succor them according to their need. God of all grace and truth, establish all who stand, and lift up the fallen out of delusion or sin. Defender of all on whom thou pourest out thy gifts, let thy love be a perpetual ransom to the captive and

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distressed. Grant that all thy children calling upon thee may be joined in the fellowship of one Holy Spirit. Remove not our candlestick, with its imperfect light, out of its place, until thou givest us better light. Amen.—*From Psalms and Litanies, by Rowland Williams, D.D.*

CXXIV

Teach and Quicken Us

O LORD, our Father, teach us to know thee our God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent; and enable us to do thy will on earth, as it is done in heaven. Give us to fear thee and to love thee, to trust and delight in thee, and to cleave to thee with full purpose of heart, that no temptations may draw us or drive us from thee; but that all thy dispensations to us, and thy dealings with us, may be the messengers of thy love to our souls. Quicken us, O Lord, in our dullness, that we may not serve thee in a lifeless and listless manner; but may abound in thy work, and be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. And make us faithful in all our intercourse with our neighbors, that we may be ready to do good and bear evil, that we may be just and kind, merciful and meek, peaceable and patient, sober and temperate, humble and self-denying, inoffensive and useful in the

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world; that so glorifying thee here, we may be glorified with thee in thy heavenly kingdom.

Day by day we magnify thee, O Lord, who makest every day an addition to thy mercies. We bless thee for preserving us the night past, and for the rest thou gavest us therein. O cause us to hear thy loving kindness in the morning; for in thee do we trust. Cause us to know the way wherein we should go, for we lift up our souls unto thee. O take not thy Holy Spirit from us; but direct all our ways to please thee, our God. Help us to see thy power, to own thy presence, to admire thy wisdom, and to love thy goodness in all thy creatures; and by all, draw our hearts still nearer to thee. Such thy mercy and grace we beg for ourselves, and all ours and thine everywhere in our great Mediator's name. Amen.
—*John Wesley.*

CXXV

Faith

SECURELY cabined in the ship below,
Through darkness and through storm I cross the sea,
A pathless wilderness of waves to me.
But yet I do not fear, because I know
That he who guides the good ship o'er that waste
Sees in the stars her shining pathway traced.

Blindfold I walk this life's bewildering maze:
Up flinty steep, through frozen mountain pass,
Through thorn-set barren and through deep morass;

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But strong in faith I tread the uneven ways,
And bare my head unshrinking to the blast,
Because my Father's arm is round me cast;
And if the way seems rough, I only clasp
The hand that leads me with a firmer grasp.

—*Anna C. Lynch Botta.*

CXXVI

For Christian Rulers

O KING of kings, and Prince of all the rulers of the earth, give thy grace and spirit to all Christian princes, the spirit of wisdom and counsel, the spirit of government and godly fear. Grant unto them to live in peace and honor, that their people may love and fear them, and they may love and fear God. Speak good unto their hearts concerning the Church, that they may be nursing fathers to it, fathers to the fatherless, judges and avengers of the cause of widows; that they may be compassionate to the wants of the poor, and the groans of the oppressed; that they may not vex or kill the Lord's people with unjust or ambitious wars, but may feed the flock of God, and may inquire after and do all things which may promote peace, public honesty, and holy religion; so administering things present, that they may not fail of the everlasting glories of the world to come, where all thy faithful people shall reign kings forever. Amen.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

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CXXVII

Renunciation

GREAT and glorious God, who alone art worthy of our love and service, cure me of, and preserve me from, the sin and vanity of admiring this world. Give me grace to renounce all covetous desires, all love of riches and pleasures; to desire only what is necessary, and to be content with what thou, O Lord, thinkest so; not to be troubled at the loss or want of anything besides thy favor; that no business, no pleasures, may divert me from the thoughts of the world to come; that I may cheerfully part with all these things when thou requirest it of me; and that I may ever be prepared to do so, dispose me to a temperance in all things, and to lay up my treasure in heaven, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.—*From Bishop Wilson's Sacra Privata.*

CXXVIII

A Meek and Quiet Spirit

GRANT unto us, Almighty God, of thy good Spirit, that quiet heart, and that patient lowliness to which thy comforting Spirit comes; that we, being humbled toward thee, and loving toward one another, may have our hearts prepared for that peace of thine which passeth understand-

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ing; which, if we have, the storms of life can hurt us but little, and the cares of life vex us not at all; in presence of which death shall lose its sting, and the grave its terror; and we, in calm joy, walk all the days of our appointed time, until our great change shall come. Amen.—
George Dawson.

CXXIX

A Child's Morning Prayer

O THOU eternal Fountain of all wisdom, whom I cannot see or know but by the means of thy own light, vouchsafe to manifest thyself to my soul, and teach me to know aright thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. O blessed Sun of Righteousness, arise upon me with healing in thy wings, to scatter all the clouds of folly and ignorance that overspread my soul. Open my eyes to see the wondrous things thy love has wrought. Suffer me not to remain in darkness concerning anything that is needful for me to know in order to my present peace and my eternal glory. O Lord, incline mine ears to wisdom, and my heart to understanding, that I may follow on to know the Lord, and increase in the knowledge and love of God. Give me, O Lord, that highest learning, to know thee; and that best wisdom, to know myself. Command

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a blessing on my studies and endeavors ; and bless me, and help me, Lord, in my learning all such things as shall stand me in stead, and do me good. Let my soul and body, and all their powers, be under thy conduct, and employed to thy glory. Show me thy ways, O Lord, and lead me into truth ; and whatever I am ignorant of, unto me let it be given to know the mysteries of thy kingdom ; and let me count all things but dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord ; to whom, with thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.—*From John Wesley's Prayers for Children.*

CXXX

In the Evening

FORGIVE us, O Lord, if we have this day said or done anything to increase the pain of the world. Pardon the unkind word, the impatient gesture, the hard and selfish deed, the failure to show sympathy and kindly help where we had opportunity, but missed it ; and enable us to live that we may daily do something to lessen the tide of human sorrow and add to the sum of human happiness. We have our own sorrows, O Father ; we wait for footsteps that do not come ; we yearn for sympathy which is not given ; we knock at doors that do not open ; we think of

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graves that hide our dearest treasures; we fear the loneliness, the changes and chances of this mortal life and the mystery of that unknown future that stretches away in the dark like a moor beyond the light of home. But thou art ours, and we are thine; nothing can ever separate us from thee. Do not leave us orphans, but come to us by thy Son and by thy Spirit. Only let us not miss the lesson of pain and sorrow and long waiting, but may we be made perfect through suffering. Amen.—*The Congregationalist*.

CXXXI

Just for To-day

Just for to-day; to-morrow is not mine,
And may be spent where days unclouded shine.
This cross is heavy for an upward way,
My weak hands tremble; give me strength to-day.

Just for to-day; the poorest child am I
That heavenward looks, yet ravens when they cry
Receive Thy bounty, though despised are they;
Remember, then, this lowly heart to-day.

Just for to-day; thy manna food I ask
That I may go rejoicing to my task,
And if from cooling streams my feet should stray,
Let some rock prove a fountain for to-day.

Just for to-day; it is much better so;
I might grow arrogant did I not know

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My poverty, yet find it sweet to say,
"It is thy gift, the blessing of to-day."

Just for to-day; what more can heart demand
From one who will each longing understand?
Thy love withholds no treasure, so I pray:
"Choose what may come, but give me strength to-day."
—*Myra Goodwin Plantz.*

CXXXII

A Child's Evening Prayer

ALMIGHTY God, who art the gracious preserver of all mankind, I desire now to offer unto thee my praise and thanksgivings for all the blessings thou hast this day bestowed upon me. I confess, O my God, that I am unworthy of the least of all thy mercies; for I have gone astray like a lost sheep. I have followed too much the devices and desires of my own heart. I have offended against thy holy laws. I have left undone those things which I ought to have done, and have done those things which I ought not to have done; and there is no health in me. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon me, a miserable offender. Spare me, O Lord, who now confess my faults unto thee. Enable me to bewail my manifold sins and offenses, which I have from time to time most grievously committed, by thought, word, and deed, against thy divine majesty. Have mercy

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upon me, have mercy upon me, most merciful Father; for my Saviour Jesus Christ's sake, forgive me all that is past, and grant me thy grace, that I may ever hereafter serve and please thee, in newness of life, to the honor and glory of thy name, through Jesus Christ my Lord and Saviour. Take me under thy gracious care and keeping this night; save and defend me from all dangers. Grant unto my body rest in my bed, and unto my soul rest in thyself; and be thou my God and my guide, my hope and my help, my joy and my comfort, now and for evermore, through Jesus Christ my Redeemer. Amen.—
From John Wesley's Prayers for Children.

CXXXIII

By Day and by Night

O LORD our God, who art the eternal Shepherd and Guardian of the souls of men, look upon thy servants and thine inheritance. For to thee thy servants bow the head, and lift up their voice, waiting for thy pardon and salvation. Guard them at all times, and this evening and the ensuing night, from every adverse working of any enemy, and from idle thoughts and wicked imaginations. O Lord our God, refresh us with quiet sleep when we are wearied with the day's labor; that being assisted with the help which

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our weakness needs, we may be devoted to thee in body and in mind. Be present, O Lord, to our prayers, and protect us by day and night; that in all successive changes of time we may be strengthened by thine unchangeableness, who art our Father forever. Amen.—*From Psalms and Litanies, by Rowland Williams, D.D.*

CXXXIV

Lord, We Need Thee

O LORD, our Father, thou hast promised to satisfy the longing soul, and to fill the hungry soul with goodness. Thou hast declared that they who hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled. We come to thee pleading the promises of thy word, and crying out to thee in our conscious need. Our burdens, our sins, our sorrows, and our wants are more than can be numbered. We need a deeper knowledge of ourselves, a penitential sorrow in view of our transgressions, a vivid sense of our danger, a larger vision of thy compassion. Beyond all else, O Lord, we need thee—thy love, thy renewing Spirit, thy cleansing grace, thine abundant mercy. Waken within us a new longing for thyself. May our souls cry out after the living God, and in thy help and grace may we be blessed and satisfied. Amen.—*J. B. Y.*

CXXXV

God's Mercy

O GOD, we look back with amazement at thy mercy. Truly, hadst thou dealt with us after our sins, thou wouldst have forsaken such rebellious creatures as we are, and cast us off forever. We have been indifferent to thy claims upon us. We have not kept thy commandments. We have accepted and enjoyed thy mercies, unmindful of the loving hand which daily dispenses them. We have permitted the world, with its vanities, to drive thee away from our thoughts, and to usurp that place in our hearts which should be thine, O Lord. We have followed the devices and desires of our own evil hearts, instead of adoring and loving and serving thee. And yet thou art with us still. Our peaceful home, our numerous domestic comforts, our health and strength, our bonds of family love, our precious friendships, our pleasant relationship to many around us, and the sources of gratification thou dost open before us, all declare thy forbearance, long-suffering, bountifulness, and patient fatherly love. Forgive us, guide us, save us. For Christ's sake. Amen.—*British Weekly*.

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CXXXVI

Over It All

OVER it all—the care and the fret,
The mixture of joy and sad regret,
The anxious thought and the burdened heart,
The bitter loss and the cruel smart—
Over it all—this puzzling dream—
His glad love shines with holy beam.

Over it all—the hope and the fear,
The struggle for right when wrong is near,
The kind intent, though the words be cold,
The prayer for patience and love's sweet hold—
Over it all his justice lies
Unchanged by sudden or dark surprise.

Over it all—the day and the night—
The hours of dark, the seasons of light,
Mistakes and blunders and faults and all
The pitiful cries from those who fall—
His kindness waits to help and bless
With a Father's touch of tenderness.

And he sees it all and reads aright
As we cannot do with blinded sight,
And we dare not blame, we dare not chide
When others falter or turn aside;
We see in part, we know but in part,
The human thought and the human heart;
And 'tis well to leave to his own care
The open judgment—it must be fair—
And give him thanks that over it all
His mercy answers his children's call.

—*Anna Wilson Simmons.*

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CXXXVII

A Child's Devotions

O LORD God Almighty, Fountain of all goodness, and Father of all mercies, I desire again to bow my knee before thy holy majesty, humbly beseeching thee to accept my praise and thanksgiving for thy mercies to me in the night season. I laid me down and slept, and rose up again in safety; for it was thou only, O Lord, that sustainedst me. And now, O my soul, return unto thy rest. Look upon me, O Lord, in thy rich mercy, and, for thy dear Son's sake, be gracious unto my soul. Lighten my darkness, I beseech thee, O Lord, and let the Dayspring from on high visit me. Enable me to cast away all the works of darkness, and to put upon me the armor of light, that I may be able to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil; to keep thy holy will and commandments, and to walk in the same all the days of my life. Give me, O Lord, wisdom to know the things that belong to my peace, before I go hence, and am no more seen. Graft in my heart the love of thy name, increase in me true religion, and nourish me with all goodness. Give me the spirit to think and do always such things as be rightful. Teach me to ask and seek only such things as shall please thee and profit my soul. Give me such a measure of thy grace, that

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I may run the way of thy commandments, obtain thy gracious promises, and be made a partaker of thy heavenly treasures. Pour down upon me the abundance of thy mercy. Give me more than I can either desire or deserve. O give me the increase of faith, hope, and love; and keep me ever by thy help from all things hurtful, and lead me to all things useful. Let thy grace always precede and follow me, that I may be continually given to all good works, and may always glorify my Father which is in heaven. These, and every other blessing, for me, and for thy whole Church, I humbly beg in the name and for the sake of the merits of Jesus Christ my Redeemer. Amen.
—*From John Wesley's Prayers for Children.*

CXXXVIII

A Morning Collect

O LORD our heavenly Father, Almighty and Everlasting God, who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day; defend us in the same with thy mighty power; and grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all our doings, being ordered by thy governance, may be righteous in thy sight; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*The Prayer Book.*

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CXXXIX

For Patience

O LORD Jesus, grant me patience, after thine own example, to bear thy holy will in all things. Where shall we take our pattern but from thee? Thou callest thy followers thy friends. Thou didst stoop down to wash their feet who were not worthy to untie thy shoe. Thou didst forgive and restore Peter, when he had abjured thee. Thou didst vouchsafe to satisfy Thomas, who would not believe but upon his own terms. Thou didst forgive and pray for thy bloody persecutors. O thou Fountain and Pattern of love, grant that I may love thee above all things, and my neighbor as myself. Amen.—*From Bishop Wilson's Sacra Privata.*

CXL

A Child's Prayer

O LORD God Almighty, Father of angels and men, I praise and bless thy holy name for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to me and all mankind. I bless thee for my creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for thy great love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ. I bless thee for preserving me in the night past, and bringing me safe to the beginning of a new day. Defend me

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in the same way with thy mighty power, and grant that this day I fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger ; but let all my doings be so ordered by thy governance that I may do always that which is righteous in thy sight, through Jesus Christ my Redeemer. Grant me such grace that I may be able to withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and with a pure heart and mind to follow the steps of my gracious Redeemer. Keep me, I beseech thee, O Lord, from all things hurtful to my soul or body, and grant me thy pardon and peace, that, being cleansed from all my sins, I may serve thee with a quiet mind, bring forth plenteously the fruit of good works, and continue in the same unto my life's end, through Jesus Christ my Saviour and Redeemer. Amen.—*From John Wesley's Prayers for Children.*

CXLI

The Things to Come

O LORD, may the thoughts of death, and of what must follow, by the grace of God mortify in me all carnal security, and fondness for this world, and all that is in it, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. And O that I may make my calling and election sure, that I may die in peace, and rest in the mansions

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of glory, in hope of a blessed resurrection, and a favorable judgment at the great day. And may the consideration of a judgment to come oblige me to examine, to try, and to judge myself, that I may prevent a severe judgment of God, by a true repentance, and lead a life answerable to amendment of life, and that I may find mercy at the great day. O may the hopes of heaven and happiness sweeten all the troubles of this mortal life. O Lord Jesus, who hast redeemed us with thy precious blood, make me to be numbered with thy saints in glory everlasting. O let my name be found written in the Lamb's book of life at the great day. Amen.—*From Bishop Wilson's Sacra Privata.*

CXLII

An Evening Prayer

O LORD, thou wast before all, thou art above all, and thy years shall not fail. Thou art the Searcher of our hearts; thou knowest the dullness and hardness, the vanity and deceitfulness, of them; we were born sinners, and so have we lived. We have added sin to sin; we have abused thy great and manifold mercies, tempted thy patience, and despised thy goodness; and justly mightest thou have cast us into outer darkness, where is wailing and gnashing of teeth.

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But of thy loving-kindness there is no number. Thou still callest us to return to thee; and whosoever cometh to thee, thou wilt in nowise cast out. O meet us with thy heavenly grace, that we may be able to come to thee. Be thou graciously pleased to stretch forth thy hand, and loose the chains wherewith our souls are entangled. O free us from every weight of sin, from every yoke of bondage. O help us to feel, and bewail, and forsake all our sins; and let us never want the comfortable assurance of thy forgiveness of them, thy acceptance of us, and thy love to us, in the blessed Son of thy eternal love. Amen.—*John Wesley.*

CXLIII

Strength for the Day

STRENGTH for the day! At early dawn I stand
Helpless and weak, and with unrested eyes,
Watching for day. Before its portals lies
A low black cloud—a heavy iron band.
Slowly the mist is lifted from the land,
And pearl and amber gleam across the skies,
Gladdening my upward gaze with sweet surprise.
I own the sign; I know that He whose hand
Hath fringed these somber clouds with ruby ray,
And changed that iron bar to molten gold,
Will to my wandering steps be Guide and Stay,
Breathe o'er my wavering heart his rest for aye,
And give my waiting, folded palms to hold
His blessed morning boon—strength for the day.
—*Rachel G. Alsop.*

CXLIV

The Healer of Sorrow

ALMIGHTY God, we would speak to thee as the healer of sorrow, the deliverer of bondsmen, the Saviour of souls. Thy Son lived for us, died for us, and for us rose again, and for us he intercedes; we are Christ's, and Christ is God's. May we feel that we are involved in Christ, inwrought into his very thought and purpose and prayer; therein may we find our steadfastness, the assurance of our heaven, and our immortality. Dry the tears no human hand can touch; take hold of the hand of the blind, and lead them by a way they cannot see, but may their hearts glow with love as they think of the sacred end. Make the bed of the sick; watch by those who are suffering from solitariness; save the minds that tremble on the brink of madness; turn back the purposes of all wicked hearts; break the arm of tyranny, and humble in the dust the pride that is not founded upon righteousness; and thus bring us all, by a way short or long, difficult or easy, to the home, the resting place, the sanctuary, of thy throne. Amen.—*Joseph Parker.*

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CXLV

An Upward Look

O GOD our Father, do thou keep us from all narrow-mindedness and small-heartedness; from all prejudice of every kind; from all dislike to individuals and nationalities; from envy of the rich, and from contempt of the poor; from worshipping wealth, or trying to obtain it through injustice to others. Lord, help us to rise to the dignity of our divine destiny; and set our affections upon things above, where Christ sitteth at thy right hand, and at last be translated into the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom with thee, the Father, and the Holy Spirit, be honor and glory forever. Amen.—*Christian World Pulpit.*

CXLVI

A Collect

ALMIGHTY God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise that when two or three are gathered in thy name thou wilt grant their requests: fulfill now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. Amen.—*St. Chrysostom.*

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CXLVII

Keep Me, Lord

TEACH me, O Lord, to number my days that I may apply my heart unto wisdom; ever to remember my last end, that I may not dare to sin against thee. Let thy holy angels be ever present with me to keep me in all my ways from the malice and violence of the spirits of darkness, from evil company, and the occasions and opportunities of evil, from perishing in popular judgments, from all the ways of sinful shame, from the hands of all mine enemies, from a sinful life, and from despair in the day of my death. Then, O Lord Jesus, shine gloriously upon me; let thy mercies and the light of thy countenance sustain me in all my agonies, weaknesses, and temptations. Give me opportunity of a prudent and spiritual guide, and of receiving the holy sacrament; and let thy loving Spirit so guide me in the ways of peace and safety, that with the testimony of a good conscience and the sense of thy mercies and refreshment, I may depart this life in the unity of the Church, in the love of God, and a certain hope of salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord and most blessed Saviour. Amen.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

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CXLVIII

The Larger Prayer

At first I prayed for Light:
Could I but see the way,
How grandly, swiftly, would I walk
To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength,
That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering feet, and win
The heavens' serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith:
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in his peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love,
Deep love to God and man:
A living love that will not fail,
However dark his plan;

And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

—*Edna Dean Cheney.*

CXLIX

Lo, I Come

O THOU who art the Way, the Truth, and the
Life, thou hast said no man can follow thee,

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unless he renounce himself. I know, O Saviour, that thou hast laid nothing upon us but what the design of thy love made necessary for us. Thou sawest our disease, our idolatrous self-love, whereby we fell away from God, to be as gods ourselves, to please ourselves, and to do our own will. Lo, I come! May I ever renounce my own, and do thy blessed will in all things!

I know, O God, thou didst empty thyself of thy eternal glory, and tookest upon thee "the form of a servant." Thou who madest all men to serve and please thee, didst not please thyself, but wast the servant of all. Thou, O Lord of the hosts of heaven and earth, didst yield thy cheeks to be smitten, thy back to be scourged, and thy hands and feet to be nailed to an accursed tree. Thus didst thou, our great Master, renounce thyself; and can we think much of renouncing our vile selves? My Lord and my God, let me not presume to be above my Master! Let it be the one desire of my heart to be as my Master; to do, not my own will, but the will of him that sent me. Amen.—*John Wesley.*

CL

Thou Fillest All Things

O LORD, thou fillest all things with light, and all the creatures that thou hast made will rejoice

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in the noonday of thy smile. Say to those who are over-weighted, overborne with sorrow, trial, difficulty, and perplexity, that there is a day coming when there shall be no more sighing or groaning or burden-bearing, neither shall there be any more pain. Whisper to their hearts, "Sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Thou doest all things on a grand scale. Thou dost load the lily and the daisy with dew. Thou dost not spare any of thy love, the prodigality, the abundance, the overflowing, the overmuchness of thy love. The sunshine that falls off the little globe we inhabit fills with morning light worlds without number. Thou dost give without impoverishment, and if thou didst withhold, it would not enrich thee. The river of God is full of water, and abundance stands at thy right hand like an angel, representing the fullness and the tenderness of thy compassion. Hear us, help us, bless us this day, for Christ's sake. Amen.
—*British Weekly*.

CLI

Help Us to Believe

SAVE us, we beseech thee, O God, from ever attempting to make our intelligence the measure of thine. May the contemplation of thy knowledge help us to see our own ignorance. May

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the manifestation of thy perfections in nature and providence produce in us a just sense of our own littleness and nothingness. What, O God, can we know, compared with thy knowledge? What can we do, compared with what thou doest? Truly we might be crushed like the moth—we are as dust and ashes in thy sight. But more—much more, O God, are we amazed when we try to know what is included in sin and holiness, to comprehend the mysteries of good and evil. Here also thou knowest all things. May we be willing to learn from thee. May we believe sin to be what thy word declares it to be. May we believe that what it has done upon our nature is what that word affirms it to have done. We confess, O Lord, that thou alone knowest our case as it is, and that thou alone canst minister to it effectually. Thou art the one physician, by whose healing power we may be made whole. Amen.—*Anonymous.*

CLII

Let None of Us Be Lost

O FAITHFUL and merciful Saviour, thou who lookest on every soul, which the Father hath given thee, as a precious jewel, and makest it thy concern to secure and return it to him unhurt at the last day: let this inspire us with thy holy

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confidence, and exceeding joy, as knowing that no one can snatch us out of thine almighty hand, and that thy mediatorial prayer will be fulfilled in us also, if we do but continue in thy ways. Keep us, then, as the apple of thine eye, that none of us may be lost ; but that, one day, we may be where thou art, and see thy transcendent glory. Grant this, O Lord, for the sake of thy meritorious intercession. Amen.—*From Ramback's Meditations and Contemplations.*

CLIII

Sabbath Invocation

FORTH from out of thine infinite fullness, O thou whose thoughts move the endless procession of summer in all fruitfulness and beauty, forth from thine own self, the Center of excellence, give to us, this day, life and light and joy, that we may seem to ourselves to be enwrapped by our God, to live in him, to partake of him, and to be apprehended by him. Remove all doubts, all darkness, all misapprehension from our minds ; and as thou dost blow away the clouds and storms, that we may behold the stars by night and the sun by day, so may our fear and care be driven away, that this morning we may behold thee, and rejoice in thee, feel thy life and find warmth in thee. This is our privilege and thy

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gift. Behold our weakness, and help us to such strength as is needed. May all holy thoughts go forth ascending; and before thee may our poor sacrifice—the best that we can offer, and yet poor—be acceptable to thee, not for its sake, but for the sake of the love which thou bearest toward us, thy children, and for thine own name's sake. Amen.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

CLIV

For the Spirit of Devotion

O LORD my God, thou art all my good, and who am I that I should dare to speak unto thee? I am the very poorest of thy servants, yea, indeed I am much poorer and more despicable than I know or dare to say. Nevertheless remember, O Lord, that I am nothing, I have nothing, and can do nothing. Thou only art good, just, and holy; thou canst do all things, art over all things, fillest all things, leaving empty only the sinner. Call to mind thy tender mercies, and fill my heart with thy grace, thou who wilt not that thy work should return to thee void.

How can I bear this miserable life unless thy mercy and grace strengthen me? Turn not away thy face from me; delay not thy visitation. Withdraw not thou thy comfort from me, lest my soul “gasp after thee as a thirsty land.”

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Lord, teach me to do thy will, teach me to walk humbly and uprightly before thee, for thou art my wisdom, who knowest me in truth, and knewest me before the world was made and before I was born into the world.—*From Imitatio Christi.*

CLV

Life's Answer

I KNOW not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot:
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best, or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain:
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth,
With smiles and glee:
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine:
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board:
Above the raving of the gale
I hear my Lord.

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He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall:
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land,
The end is this:
And then with him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

—Henry Alford, D.D.

CLVI

For Missions

ALMIGHTY God, who by thy Son Jesus Christ didst give commandment to the holy apostles, that they should go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, grant to us whom thou hast called into thy Church a ready will to obey thy word, and fill us with a hearty desire to make thy way known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations. Look with compassion upon the heathen that have not known thee, and on the multitudes that are scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd. O heavenly Father, Lord of the harvest, have respect, we beseech thee, to our prayers, and send forth laborers into thine harvest. Fit and prepare them by thy grace for the work of their ministry; give them the spirit of power and of

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love and of a sound mind; strengthen them to endure hardness; and grant that by their life and doctrine they may set forth thy glory, and set forward the salvation of all men; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*Bishop Lancelot Andrewes.*

CLVII

For India

O GOD, who hast made of one blood all nations of men to dwell upon the face of thy whole earth, and who didst send thy blessed Son to preach peace to them that are afar off and to them that are nigh: grant that all the people of Hindu, Buddhist, and Mohammedan lands may feel after thee and find thee; and hasten, O Lord, the fulfillment of thy promise to pour out thy Spirit upon all flesh.

O Lord God, who rulest in the kingdoms of men and givest them to whomsoever thou wilt, we present our humble supplication before thee in behalf of India. Give us a spirit of true compassion for the multitudes in that land, who yet walk in darkness and the shadow of death. Suffer them no longer to bow down to idols which their own hands have made. Lead them from the corrupt worship of false gods to worship thee in the beauty of holiness. Have pity on

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their blindness, their misplaced confidence, their mistaken zeal, their self-inflicted sufferings. Teach them the pure mystery of the incarnation of thy blessed Son. Deliver them from their dread of the powers of darkness. Raise up among them, O Lord, teachers of thy truth, who may lead them to embrace the holy faith of thy Church; for thy mercy's sake, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*Bishop Lancelot Andrewes.*

CLVIII

Needed Blessings

WE ask not that our path be always bright,
But for thy aid to walk therein aright,
That thou, O Lord, through all its devious way,
Wilt give us strength sufficient to our day,
For this, for this we pray.

Not for the fleeting joys that earth bestows,
Not for exemption from its many woes;
But that, come joy or woe, come good or ill,
With childlike faith we trust thy guidance still,
And do thy holy will.

Teach us, dear Lord, to find the latent good
That sorrow yields, when rightly understood:
And for the frequent joy that crowns our days
Help us with grateful hearts our hymns to raise,
Of thankfulness and praise.

—*William H. Burleigh.*

CLIX

Prayer of Motherhood

FATHER in heaven, it is by the vision of thy relation to us that we can apprehend our relation to these little ones. As we have accepted that high trust, so make us loyal to it. When our feet grow weary and our faith grows dim, help us to follow close after the ever-perfect One who taught even as we are trying to teach. He it was whom the common people heard gladly. He it was who disdained not the use of objects and symbols, remembering it was the childhood of the race. He it was who spake in parables and stories, laying bare the soul of man and heart of nature, and revealing each by divine analogy. He it was who took the little ones in his arms and blessed them; who set the child in the midst, saying, "Except ye become as one of these." May the afterglow of that inspired teaching ever shine upon the path we are treading. May we bathe our tired spirits in its warmth and glory, and kindle our torches at the splendor of its light. We remember that he told us to feed his lambs. Dear Lord, help all the faithful shepherds who care for the ninety and nine that lie in the safe cover of the fold; help us, too, for we are the wandering shepherds whose part it is to go out over the bleak hills, up the mountain sides and

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rocky places, and gather in out of the storm and stress of things all the poor, unshepherded, wee bit lammies that have either wandered forlornly away from shelter, or have been born in the wilderness and know no other home. Such a one has just strayed into the fold from the dreary hill country. It needs a wiser shepherd than any of us. Grant that by gentleness, patience, and insight we may atone somewhat for our lack of wisdom and skill. We read among thy mysteries that the divine Child was born of a virgin. May he be born again and born daily in our hearts, already touched by that remembrance and consecrated by its meaning. And this we ask for his love's sake. Amen.—*Kate Douglas Wiggin, in Marm Lisa.*

CLX

On New Year's Day

O LORD, thou art the God of our fathers, the King eternal, immortal, invisible. We would bless thee at all times, in sorrow and in joy, in privation and in plenty, in life and in death, in time and in eternity. And now, with a new sense of gratefulness, with glad memories of the old year that is gone, and with hopeful confidence in view of the new year that has begun, we come afresh to thy feet; to thee who hast

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crowned the year with thy goodness; to thee whose years do not change; to thee who hast declared that thy Son, our Mediator and Redeemer, is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. With thankfulness for past mercies, with the prayer that our times may ever be in thy hands in the future; with the consecration of our lives anew to thy service, and pleading that thy mercy shall be shown toward our sins, that thy care shall be around us forever, that our lives shall be fashioned after the image of our Lord, that we may be solaced and comforted in all the toils, and cares, and griefs, and dangers of the coming year with thy continual presence, even thus, O Lord our Father, we come to thee. Fulfill thy blessed word to us in the experiences that are before us,—that word which has said, “When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee!” Let this, O Lord, be the urgent cry of our hearts, “Take not thy Holy Spirit from us; abide with us even unto the end; then take us to be with thee forever.” Amen.—*J. B. Y.*

CLXI

A Minister's Prayer of Consecration

O LORD my God, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof; yet thou hast honored thy servant with appointing him to stand

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in thy house, and to serve at thy holy altar. To thee and to thy service I devote myself, soul, body, and spirit, with all their powers and faculties. Fill my memory with the words of thy law; enlighten my understanding with the illumination of the Holy Ghost; and may all the wishes and desires of my will center in what thou hast commanded. And, to make me instrumental in promoting the salvation of the people now committed to my charge, grant that I may faithfully administer thy holy sacraments, and by my life and doctrine set forth thy true and lively word. Be ever with me in the performance of all the duties of my ministry; in prayer, to quicken my devotion; in praises, to heighten my love and gratitude; in preaching, to give a readiness of thought and expression suitable to the clearness and excellency of thy holy word. Grant this for the sake of Jesus Christ thy Son, our Saviour. Amen.—*From the Book of Common Prayer.*

CLXII

At the Age of Twenty-one

I AM this day twenty-one years old, and after looking back upon my past life, and forward to eternity, having also sought instruction in God's word and at the throne of grace, I desire with

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few words, but with a fixed heart, to consecrate myself, soul and body, now and forever, to the God who made me. With this intent I now most solemnly renounce the service of the devil, my late master; abandoning not only certain sins, but *sin* itself, with all its pleasures, honors, and emoluments; desiring and beseeching God never more to suffer me to taste the least enjoyment of a sinful nature. I also bind my conscience, in the presence of the jealous God who searches the heart and cannot look upon iniquity without abhorrence, to watch against all temptation, and if necessary to resist unto blood, striving against sin. At the same time I renounce all dependence upon anything I may be, do, or suffer, here or hereafter, as a ground of deliverance from hell—trusting for mercy to the cross of Christ. And having thus discharged myself from all allegiance to the prince of darkness, I submit myself to God in Christ; desiring and consenting to be his forever, to do and suffer his will in the joyful hope of an eternal recompense. And now, having learned by sad experience the deceitfulness of my own heart, the weakness of my resolution, and the craft of Satan, I throw myself at thy feet, O Lord, and claim the promise of thy strengthening and illuminating grace to aid me in the performance of these vows. O let me not, I pray thee, be forsworn! Let me not insult thy majesty

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by perjury so gross, so impious, so damnable! Keep me, O God, in the hollow of thy hand! For the sake of thy dear Son impart to me the gift of thy free Spirit to purify, enlighten, and transform my heart! Through life may I be thine, and in death, O Lord, in death be thou my God! Again, and again, and again I solemnly devote myself to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; desiring nothing, hoping nothing, fearing nothing, if I may but be accepted in the name of Christ! Amen.—*Joseph Addison Alexander, D.D.**

CLXIII

For the Advent Season

O ALMIGHTY God, who by the birth of thy Holy One into the world didst give thy true light to dawn upon our darkness, grant that as thou hast given us to believe in the mystery of his incarnation, and hast made us partakers of the divine nature, so in the world to come we may ever abide with him, in the glory of his kingdom. O God, who makest us glad with the yearly remembrance of the birth of thine only Son Jesus Christ, grant that as we joyfully receive him for

* Entered in his *Journal* on his twenty-first birthday anniversary, April 24, 1830. Cited in his *Life*, by H. C. Alexander, page 239.

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our Redeemer, so we may with sure confidence behold him when he shall come to be our Judge; who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.—
The Prayer Book.

CLXIV

Reveal Thyself to Us

THOU who dost all things give,
Be not thyself forgot!
No longer may thy children live
As if their God were not!

But every day and hour,
Since thou dost bless us thus,
In still increasing light and power
Reveal thyself to us;

Until our faith shall be
Stronger than words can tell,
And we shall live beholding thee,
O thou Invisible!

—*William Henry Furness.*

CLXV

For Easter Sunday

O GOD our Father, we come to thee with gladness and with song, rejoicing in the resurrection of our Lord, whereby death, the last enemy, has been destroyed. We would realize by faith that Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, has indeed tasted

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death for every man. Open our blind eyes to see him as our Saviour, overcoming the dangers and the terrors of the tomb, scattering the hosts of darkness, making clear a passageway for his saints into glory, and procuring by his death on the cross and his victory over the grave comfort for the sorrowing, and strength for all who die in the Lord. Let the gladness of this Easter day enter into homes of bereavement, encourage the despairing, and cheer the oppressed everywhere. Help us to commit our lives to thy keeping, knowing that, whether we live or die, we are the Lord's. Raise us from the death of sin to the life of righteousness, and may the strength, the confidence, and the joy begotten in our hearts on this day of gladness by thy grace, and by our fresh vision of the risen Lord, never die out. May they increase more and more, unto the perfect day. Amen.—*J. B. Y.*

CLXVI

For Eastertide

O LORD Jesus Christ, thou holy and spotless Lamb of God, who didst take upon thyself the curse of sin which was due to us: we unite with all the heavenly host of the redeemed in ascribing unto thee power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.

HELPS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

We bless thee for all the burdens thou hast borne, for all the tears thou hast wept, for all the pains thou hast suffered, for every word of comfort thou hast spoken on the cross, for every conflict with the powers of darkness, and for thine eternal victory over the terrors of death and the pains of hell. Amen.—*Church of Scotland Prayer Book.*

CLXVII

After Easter

O THOU God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we render thee most humble and hearty thanks that when he had descended into the grave, thou didst not suffer thy Holy One to see corruption, but didst show unto him the path of life and raise him from the dead, and set him at thine own right hand in the heavenly places. Grant us grace, we beseech thee, to apprehend with true faith the glorious mystery of our Saviour's resurrection, and fill our hearts with joy, and a lively hope that amid all the sorrows, trials, and temptations of our mortal state, and in the hour of death we may derive strength and comfort from this sure pledge of an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Amen.—*Church of Scotland Prayer Book.*

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CLXVIII

A Child's Morning Petition

O THOU Father of all mercies, and God of all goodness, I praise and bless thy name for thy mercies and favors unto me in the night past, and for bringing me safe to behold the light of a new day. Send down thy heavenly grace into my soul, that I may be enabled to worship thee and serve thee as I ought to do. Enable me to believe in thee, to fear thee, and to love thee with all my heart, and soul, and strength; that I may honor thy holy name and word, and serve thee truly, this, and all the days of my life. Give me thy grace, that I may love all mankind as myself, and do unto all, as I would they should do unto me. Enable me to love and honor my parents, obey my superiors, and submit to all my teachers. Suffer me not to hurt anybody by word or deed. Make me just and honest in all my dealings. Let me not bear any malice or hatred in my heart. Keep my hands from picking and stealing, my tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering; keep my body in temperance, soberness, and chastity; that I may not covet any person's goods, but learn and labor to get my own living, and to do my duty in the state of life wherein it shall please thee to place me. Direct me so to pass through things temporal that I

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may not finally lose the things which are eternal, but at last be received into thy presence, where is fullness of joy, and be seated at thy right hand, where are pleasures for evermore, through Jesus Christ my Saviour. Amen.—*From John Wesley's Prayers for Children.*

CLXIX

The Spirit's Help

TRULY, O Lord, we know not what to pray for as we ought, but we thank thee for the faithful promise that thy Spirit maketh intercession in us, and we thank thee for the triumphant fact that thine enthroned Son makes intercession for us; and so, poor and weak and ignorant and wayward as we are, we do come to thee with confidence, and we beseech thee that the prayers which we make may be sweet indeed, because thou givest the spirit by which we pray. Draw us, O Lord, we beseech thee, by the perception of the great blessedness that there is in union with thee, to desire of that union of heart and mind and will more than ever we have done, and to shape our lives so that these may present no obstacles to God's dwelling with us and our dwelling with him. We beseech thee for thy divine influences in our hearts; we pray thee that we may be molded thereby into the likeness of thy

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dear Son, that he may be the firstborn among many brethren; and we beseech thee that since thou dost knit us to thyself by the bonds which no creature is able to separate we may never rend ourselves away by indifference, by negligence, by preference of our own inclinations or purposes, or by cherishing in our hearts any evil. Lord, cleanse us. Lord, uplift us. Lord, help us to dwell in the light and to walk in the light as thou art in the light, that our changeable being may in some measure be like thy steadfast Being, and that we may manifest ourselves to be the children of the light. We ask these blessings through him in whom we know that thou hast laid up all blessings, and made them accessible to our faith, even Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.—*Alexander McLaren.*

CLXX

The Answer

“Before they call, I will answer.”

AND can it be that Thou didst know
And plan for me so long ago,
And made it best
That when all anxiously I prayed
The raging of the tumult stayed
And I found rest?

Yes, thou hast said, before we pray
Not only dost not say me nay,
But in delight

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Hast called from out infinitude
A tender, grand, and sweet prelude
For this glad night.

Lord, with new faith I wait the morn
When all the joys and hopes, heaven-born,
Shall culminate.

When we our loving Lord shall see,
When we shall be fore'er with thee,
Past heaven's gate.

—*Elizabeth Perry Howland, in New York Observer.*

CLXXI

Before Taking the Lord's Supper

O MOST gracious and eternal God, the helper of the helpless, the comforter of the comfortless, the hope of the afflicted, the bread of the hungry, the drink of the thirsty, and the Saviour of all them that wait upon thee: I bless and glorify thy name, and adore thy goodness, and delight in thy love, that thou hast once more given me the opportunity of receiving the body and blood of my dearest Saviour. O take from me all inclination to sin or vanity; let not my affections dwell below, but soar upward to the element of love, to the seat of God, the regions of glory, and the inheritance of Jesus; that I may hunger and thirst for the bread of life, and the wine of elect souls, and may know no love but the love of God, and the most merciful Jesus. Amen.—
From Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living.

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CLXXII

The End of the Year

MOST gracious God, who hast been infinitely merciful to us, not only in the year past, but through all the years of our life, be pleased to accept our most unfeigned thanks for thine innumerable blessings to us; graciously pardoning the manifold sins and infirmities of our life past, and bountifully bestowing upon us all those graces and virtues which may render us acceptable to thee. And, every year which thou shalt be pleased to add to our lives, add also, we humbly implore thee, more strength to our faith, more ardor to our love, and a greater perfection to our obedience; and grant that, in a humble sincerity and constant perseverance, we may serve thee most faithfully the remainder of our lives, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.—*Charles How.*

CLXXIII

The Hour of Death

FROM sudden, from unprepared death, good Lord, deliver me, my children, and family, and all that desire my prayers. May we never be surprised in sin; and may thy mercy supply whatever shall be wanting in our preparation for death. For myself, with the submission of a

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penitent sinner, under the righteous sentence of death passed upon all mankind, I beg that I may so live as that I may with joy resign my life a sacrifice of obedience, in union with that of my Saviour's to thee, O Father, trusting in thy mercy and goodness, and promises in Jesus Christ, at the hour of death, and in the day of judgment. Amen.—*From Bishop Wilson's Sacra Privata.*

CLXXIV

My Times Are in Thy Hand

I TAKE my pilgrim staff anew,
Life's path, untrodden, to pursue,
Thy guiding eye, my Lord, I view ;
My times are in thy hand.

Throughout the year, my heavenly Friend,
On thy blest guidance I depend ;
From its commencement to its end
My times are in thy hand.

—*Author unknown.*

CLXXV

Send Forth Thy Light and Thy Truth

O INVISIBLE God, who seest all things ; eternal Light, before whom all darkness is light, and in comparison with whom every other light is but darkness ; the weak eyes of our understanding cannot bear the open and full rays of thy inaccessible light ; and yet without some glimpses of

HELPS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

that light from heaven we can never direct our steps nor proceed toward that country which is the habitation of light. May it therefore please thee, O Father of lights, to send forth thy light and thy truth, that they may lead us directly to thy holy mountain. Thou art good, and the Fountain of goodness: give us understanding that we may keep thy precepts. Purify, we pray thee, our souls from all impure imaginations, that thy most beautiful and holy image may be again renewed within us, and, till that most blessed day break and the shadows flee away, let thy Spirit be continually with us, constantly directing and supporting our steps, that all our endeavors may serve to promote the honor of thy blessed name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

CLXXVI

A Pastor's Prayer

LORD, give me grace to do that which is right. My trust is in thee. Thou art my refuge and my fortress, my God, and, having thee as my sure and unchanging good, I am not afraid of the pestilence that walketh in darkness nor of the destruction which wasteth at noonday. Lord, direct my steps! Preserve me from the vanity and vainglory which might wickedly lead me to

HELPS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

expose myself to danger, and from the selfish fear which would drive me from my duty. Lead me in truth, and teach me, and may I at this trying time be and do that which is right as thy son and ministering servant, and whether by life or by death may I glorify thee; for living or dying I am thine, through Jesus Christ. Amen.—*Norman Macleod.*

CLXXVII

Quicken Our Gratitude

LORD, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude!

—*William Dean Howells.*

CLXXVIII

For Humility

MERCY and help, O Lord, my Sovereign Lord!
Thou who lovest little children, make me a little
child! Make me humble, simple-hearted, tender,

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guileless, and confiding! Kill my selfish pride! Shiver my hard heart! Break my stubborn spirit! Make me love my kind by making me to love thee! O soften me, my Saviour, by showing me thy own tender, bleeding, melting heart. Purge envy from my heart by causing me to live and work for thee. O that this foul fiend were wholly dispossessed! I bless thee for trials—may they do me good. Compel me to remember that I am not my own. Save me from being the object of envy or ill will. Save me from the wickedness of trying to excite it. Lord, I would give the world for true humility. O, make me—make me humble! Amen.—*Joseph Addison Alexander.*

CLXXIX

Welcome, Eternal Spring

I HAVE enjoyed the spring of life; I have endured the toils of its summer; I have culled the fruits of its autumn; I am now passing through the rigors of its winter; and I am neither forsaken of God, nor abandoned by man. I see at no great distance the dawn of a new day; the first of a spring that shall be eternal. It is advancing to meet me! I run to embrace it. Welcome, eternal spring! Hallelujah! Lord, may I live to thee, die in thee, and be with thee to all eternity! Amen.—*Adam Clarke, at seventy.*

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CLXXX

Make Me a Helper

SON of Man, let me join thy league of pity. Let me take the place of the angels in the ministry to human souls. Angels cannot meet the wants of my brother. They could minister to thee, for thou hadst their nature as well as mine. But my brother has not their nature. He needs some one who *knows* him; he needs *me*. Send me, O Lord. Let me be the apostle to the weak and weary. Send not the cherubim and the seraphim; send not the angel and the archangel. These have no drooping of the wing; they are never tired with their flight; they cannot sympathize with faintness. But I have borne the burden and the heat of the day; I have been tried in the furnace of pain. I have trod the dusty plain, I have descended the deep valley, I have climbed the arduous steep. I know the path of the weary, I can guide where the celestials never go; make me a helper in thy ministrant band! Amen.—
George Matheson.

CLXXXI

The Beatific Vision

O GREAT and glorious vision!—
The Lamb upon his throne:
O wondrous sight for man to see!—
The Saviour with his own;

HELPS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

To drink the living waters,
And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death
Shall ever enter more.

O Lamb of God who reignest—
Thou Bright and Morning Star—
Whose glory lightens that new earth
Which now we see from far;
O worthy Judge Eternal,
When thou dost bid us come,
Then open wide the gates of pearl
And call thy servants home!
—*Godfrey Thring.*

CLXXXII

For the Broken-Hearted

O LORD, look with pity and mercy upon the broken-hearted, upon the souls that have spoiled their lives, upon the children that have become rebellious, upon the sons that are prodigal and the daughters that are hard of heart. Life is hard with some. Some are fainting under the burden. Others are sighing their trouble who dare not speak it. Some are cut down as with an ax laid to the root of the tree. Let us all come to Jesus, Son of man, Son of God, by whom thou didst make the worlds. May he speak to us from his Cross, in the power of his atoning

HELPS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

sacrifice. May we rejoice in his forgiveness. Amen.—*The British Weekly.*

CLXXXIII

The Rest that Remaineth

O LORD, blessed be thy name, there remaineth a rest for the people of God. Tempests may blow upon the earth, and kingdoms may rise and fall, and wars may clash and desolate the earth, and all things may change in perpetual revolution or rebound; but there remaineth a rest upon which shall come no storm, which shall not be upset by revolution, or changed except from glory to glory. To that great rest we aspire. From the weary conflict with ourselves, from our bondage to the flesh, from the thrall of weariness, from the burden of sinfulness, from all sorrow and all that brings trouble, we turn to the blessedness which rests in thy presence. Amen.
—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

CLXXXIV

Fret Not Thyself

THE little sharp vexations,
And the briers that catch and fret,
Why not take all to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?

HELPS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

Tell him about the heartache,
And tell him the longings, too;
Tell him the baffled purpose
When we scarce know what to do;
Then, leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

CLXXXV

Amid Many Infirmities

LORD, I am weak and ignorant, timorous and inconstant, and I fear lest something should happen that may discompose the state of my soul, that may displease thee: do what thou wilt with me, so thou dost but preserve me in thy fear and favor. Thou knowest that it is my great fear; but let thy Spirit secure that nothing may be able to separate me from the love of God in Jesus Christ; then smite me here, that thou mayest spare me for ever: and yet, O Lord, smite me friendly; for thou knowest my infirmities. Into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth. Come, Holy Spirit, help me in this conflict. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen.—
Jeremy Taylor.

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CLXXXVI

Confession and Adoration

LORD, we have sinned against thee, but thou hast spared us; we have wandered from thee, but thou hast sought us; we were lost, but thou hast saved us. O God, our Saviour, thou hast broken our chains, that we might be free; thou hast healed our diseased souls, that we might not perish; thou hast enriched us who were poor with the treasures of thy salvation; thou hast made us who had nothing to inherit all things; and even now all things are ours. Therefore with one heart, and with one voice, we laud and magnify thy glorious name; and with thy saints on earth and in heaven, we ascribe blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and forever. Amen.—*Church of Scotland Prayer Book.*

CLXXXVII

Be Present in My Studies

ALMIGHTY God, in whose hands are all the powers of man; who givest understanding and takest it away; who, as it seemeth good unto thee, enlightenest the thoughts of the simple, and darkenest the meditations of the wise, be present with me in my studies and inquiries. Grant, O

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Lord, that I may not lavish away the life which thou hast given me on useless trifles, nor waste it in vain searches after things which thou hast hidden from me. Enable me by thy Holy Spirit, so to shun sloth and negligence, that every day may discharge part of the task which thou hast allotted me; and so further with thy help that labor which without thy help must be ineffectual, that I may obtain, in all my undertakings, such success as will most promote thy glory, and the salvation of my own soul, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.—*Dr. Samuel Johnson* (1709-1784).

CLXXXVIII

The Pathway

DWELL ye within cot or hall,
Be ye lord or be ye thrall,
Have ye joy or grief for store,
Know ye this—from every door,
Straight across the sky's blue meads,
Up to heaven a pathway leads!

Tho' ye wander faint and far
Underneath an alien star,
Or do nightly sink to rest
Near the loving mother breast,
Everywhere to him who heeds—
Up to heaven a pathway leads!

—*Clinton Scollard.*

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CLXXXIX

More Likeness to Thee

O LORD, give us more charity, more self-denial, more likeness to thee. Teach us to sacrifice our comforts to others, and our likings for the sake of doing good. Make us kindly in thought, gentle in word, generous in deed. Teach us that it is better to give than to receive; better to forget ourselves than to put ourselves forward; better to minister than to be ministered unto. And unto thee, the God of Love, be glory and praise for ever. Amen.—*Dean Henry Alford.*

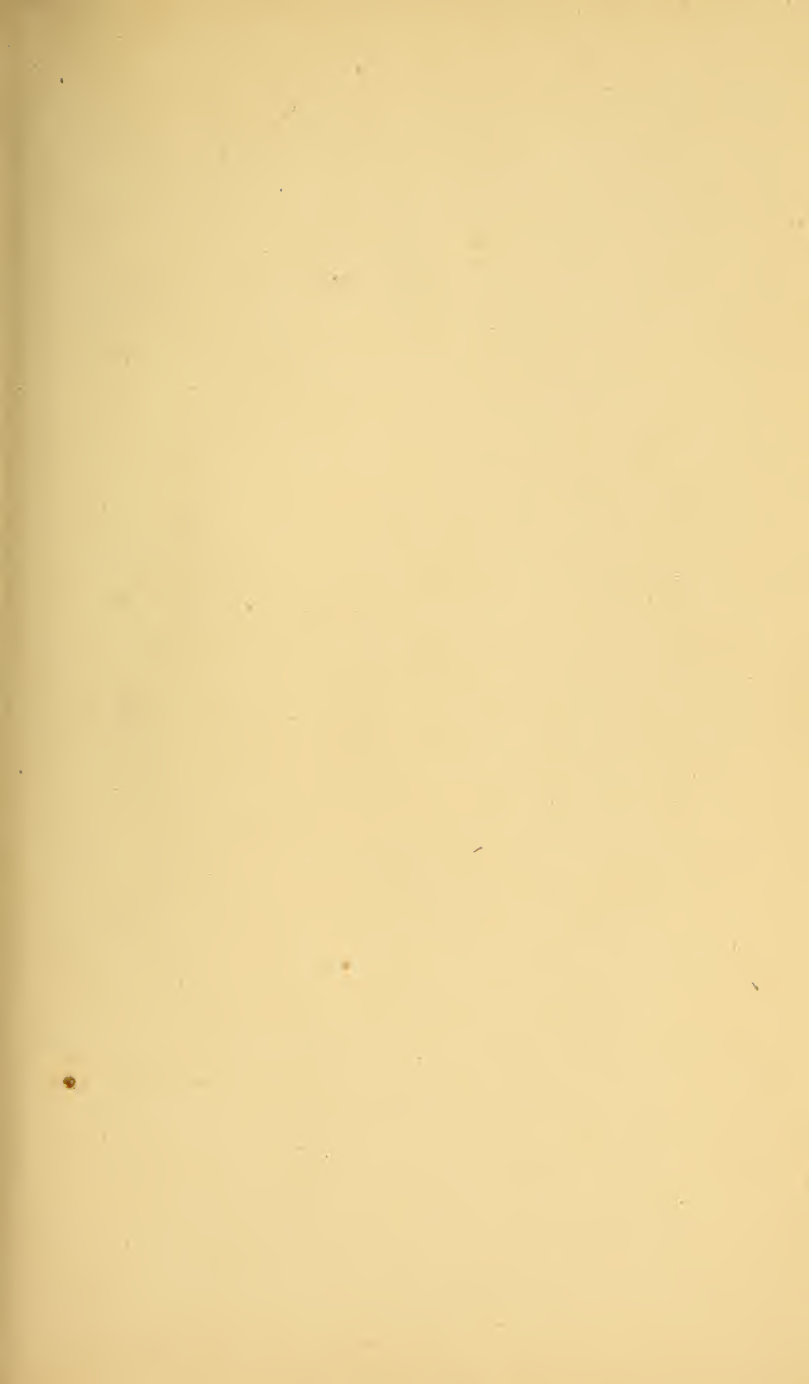
CXC

Gloria Patri

GLORY be to the Father,
And to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost:
As it was in the beginning,
Is now, and ever shall be,
World without end.

Amen.



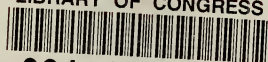


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